WORLD SOCCER

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BUTCH WILKINS Chelsea

World SOCCER

From Paul Gardner in New York

HOW PORTLAND BECAME SOCCER CITY, USA

AUGUST 12, 1975. An ordinary sort of night in Portland, Oregon. Your average soccer night, that is to say. Over 30,000 fans jammed into Civic Stadium raising enough din to shake everything loose in the 50-year-old ballpark.

Non-stop noise, a sonic fountain roaring up from the seething borders of the stadium, sweeping down on to the field where the Portland Timbers and the Seattle Sounders have run each other into the ground for 90 minutes and are tied at one goal each.

Timber coach Vic Crowe has his players gathered close around him, but he is yelling anyway, trying to make himself heard with some final instructions as the sudden-death overtime begins.

The difference, now, will be the fans. Their roar, battering the Seattle players while buoying the Timbers, never lets up for an instant.

Six minutes gone: a corner kick for the Timbers. Taken quickly, before the faltering Sounder defenders can position properly, a dipping centre into the Seattle goalmouth. And there is Tony Betts, the substitute, the freshest of the Timbers, racing forward, leaping higher than everyone, flinging his blond head violently into the ball . . . and, all in a moment, the ball flashing like a bullet past the lunging goalkeeper and bulging the net and the amorphous roar, sharpened with triumph, is suddenly an octave higher.

Tony Betts is mobbed, disappearing under a heap of crazy Timbers. Then comes the victory lap, an old Timber tradition this, going back all of two weeks. A ragged little group of exhausted, sweaty soccer players, some jogging, some skipping, some barely shuffling, but all laughing and waving to the fans who are all on their feet cheering and shouting.

For some, it's not enough, and down on to the field they spill, falling out of the stands, dropping over a 20-foot wall, suffering twisted ankles and bruised backsides, even broken arms. Three, four or five thousand of them, young boys mostly, sharing the joy of the players on the victory lap.

By 10 o'clock the Timbers are in their dressing room, and the fans have taken over the streets of downtown Portland, blocking Broadway with their honking cars, endlessly chanting "We're No. 1!" Many of them head for the Benson Hotel, to the Timbers' post-game party, where, jammed together even more tightly than at the stadium, they will drink and sing and shout and await the arrival of the players, when they can shout and cheer all over again.

Calm and sane

By midnight the party has finished and the city is calm and sane again. The Timbers are through to the semi-final of the North American Soccer League Championship, and your average Portland soccer night is over.

Preposterous. After all . . . soccer? In *Portland*? To say the least the soccer boom, in a city with virtually no background whatever in the sport, was unexpected. Portlanders are given more to backpacking and camping and mountaineering and other forms of sturdy individualism. They are not, on the face of it, the sort of people who would pay to sit around in good summer weather and watch others exercise.

On top of all that, 1975 looked like a particularly bad year for pro sports in the city. In 1974 a brand new American-football team, the Portland Storm, had arrived in town — and, by a combination of high prices, mediocre play and a generally off-hand attitude had succeeded in antagonising just about everyone. The last straw had come when the Storm suddenly switched the final home game of their season to Florida — without offering any compensation to those Portland fans who already held tickets. Not surprisingly, the Storm had left behind it a legacy of suspicion and cynicism about big-time pro sports.

And, ironically enough, it was indirectly responsible for the arrival of pro soccer in Portland. One of the Storm's first employees was Don Paul who, during the 1950s, had been a star defensive back in pro American-football. Now a jaunty 47-year-old, Paul had jumped at the chance to get back into his old sport.

But his enthusiasm for the Storm drained quickly. The club was desperately short of money and after two months (during which time he was trying to convince Portland that the club was the greatest thing to hit town in years, while secretly trying to sell it to new owners) Paul had had enough. He quit, and went north to visit his mother in the city of Tacoma.

While he was there, someone made a silly suggestion to him: how about going to a Seattle Sounders soccer game? The perpetual grin on Paul's tanned face broadens: "Well, I had nothing else to do, and I'd never seen a soccer

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European Championship semi-finalists Yugoslavia are featured on this month's cover.

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Tommy Smith in action for Tampa Bay Rowdies.

● Continued from previous page

game, what the hell. I went. And I couldn't believe what I saw. It was a small stadium, but packed with 15,000 fans. The atmosphere was fantastic, and you could feel this close relationship between the fans and the players. It reminded me of the way the National (American-football) League used to be in the 1950s. I wanted to know more about the North American Soccer League."

Paul found out all he could from the Seattle management, then hurried back to Portland to speak with corporation lawyer John Gilbertson, telling him, in effect, "I have seen the future of pro sports, and it works." The future was soccer, specifically a franchise for Portland in the NASL.

Gilbertson, a gregarious man with an eye for a challenge, looked at the financial picture and found it ridiculous . . . but appealing. The risk in soccer was tremendous, but the expenditure — compared with the other pro sports — was low, absurdly low. An American-football franchise for the Storm had cost $500,000; the NASL was asking $100,000. The American-football team had 40 players, the soccer total was 18, with much lower player salaries.

With Gilbertson as president and Don Paul as vice-president, Oregon Soccer Inc. was formed, and in October, 1974, a prospectus was issued offering 350 shares at $1,000 each. "The most negative document you ever read," says Gilbertson, still bemused at the audacity of it all, "it said that neither I nor Don knew a damn thing about soccer, that we'd never run a sports franchise before, that no-one had any idea how Portland would take to the sport, and that there was a danger of a recession."

The Oregon Corporations Commission evidently found the prospectus refreshingly straightened and took only 10 days, instead of the usual three months, to approve it.

Part of the OCC agreement was that no money be released for operating expenses until $200,000 had been raised. If the $200,000 was not in the bank by January 17, 1975, then Oregon Soccer Inc. was out of business, and there would be no pro soccer in Portland.

For Don Paul, selling the stock was the fun part: "The more I talked to people, the more I realized soccer's potential. I knew we could do anything Seattle had done, and more." Gilbertson found it "awful tough. I had my soccer days and my law days in the office. I must have got on to over 300 people, trying to sell them on soccer — and I hadn't even *seen* a game yet! Some people said 'Great idea! Count me in for $25,000', and then I wouldn't hear from them again. Others listened and said: 'Soccer? John, you're a good guy, you're a good lawyer, but you're out of your mind!' "

January 17 loomed and Oregon Soccer Inc still had not raised all of the $200,000. Don Paul was getting almost daily calls from the NASL office in New York where Commissioner Phil Woosnam was working feverishly on getting the league up to 20 teams. At the beginning of January, Hartford had become the NASL's 19th city and now — with the season only four months away — the league needed Portland, quickly, to make up the magic 20.

Don Paul remembers it this way: "I had an hour to go on the last day — they'd told us we had to have the money in the bank by 5 o'clock. So I'm sitting in my office, all by myself. I called a friend and told him: 'I don't think were going to make it'. He said: 'How much does it take?' I told him I needed a check for $30,000, now. He said OK, come and get it. It was raining, I couldn't get a cab, I run all the way to his office, grabbed the check, and raced to the bank just before the deadline." Gilbertson lifts his eyebrows at that: "It was close, yes — but I don't remember it being *that* close!"

Oregon Soccer Inc got its NASL franchise on January 23, and all that remained was to find a coach, a team, a stadium, a team name — just about everything. The name came quickly, an obvious choice for a city known for its big trees and lumber industry: the Portland Timbers.

Experience

But finding a coach took a frustratingly long time, and it wasn't until mid-March that Don Paul got his man: Vic Crowe, ex-Aston Villa, and the man who already had some experience of soccer in the States, having spent three years between 1967 and 1969 first as player, then as coach of the NASL's now defunct Atlanta Chiefs. Crowe accepted, flew to Portland, where he spent one day meeting his new bosses and the press, then returned to England. He had approximately six weeks to construct a team.

Just as the Seattle Sounders had done one year earlier, Portland would assemble its team by borrowing players from English clubs. Crowe's task was to persuade the clubs to release their players, then to convince the players that they would enjoy travelling over 5,000 miles to play soccer during what ought to have been a break from the game.

By the beginning of April, Don Paul was getting anxious. "We needed players, some live evidence that we really existed, that we were going to put a team on the field. I kept calling Vic in England and telling him 'We *must* have some players here!' "

He got one player, full back Mick Hoban, an articulate 23-year-old Englishman whose voice was suddenly on the radio all the time, whose face was constantly appearing on television and in the newspapers — the only genuine, live Timber player in existence.

The Timbers were very aware of the importance of public relations. They were determined not to repeat the error of the Storm, who had turned too many people off with an attitude that Don Paul described as "Here we are, you support us, or we'll move the team somewhere else".

Another lesson learned from the Storm was the importance of reasonable ticket prices. The Storm had charged between $7.50 and $10.00. The aim of the Timbers was to be competitive with the cinemas; top price was set at $5.00, with general admission $2.50 and students $1.50.

By April 18 the Timbers had sold only 1,000 season tickets — they had hoped, based on Seattle's experience the previous year, to sell twice that many. To Don Paul's unspeakable relief, Vic Crowe finally arrived on April 22 — with the opening game just 10 days away. Five days later, on Sunday, April 27, nine very tired looking soccer players stepped off a direct 10-hour flight from London; three more followed on Wednesday, and Vic Crowe now had enough players to start training for Friday night's game.

Composure

The team would depend heavily on its captain Brian Godfrey, at 35 by far the oldest of the Timbers. Now with Newport county, Godfrey had played under Crowe at Aston Villa. Making up in composure what he had lost in speed, Godfrey was to be the team organiser, the shouter and the coaxer on the field, the competitor who would get the others to play. Supplying the running, the non-stop energy and the youthful verve in midfield would be Barry Powell from Wolves, whose open boyish face made him look even younger than his 21 years.

Up front was "the big man" Peter Withe, also from Wolves, all 6 feet 2 inches of him, a 23-year-old Liverpudlian, noisy and confident: "They want me to score goals, then I'll score goals." Getting the ball to him — usually in the air where he could use his commanding height — would be Willy Anderson and Jimmy Kelly on the wings. Anderson, another of Crowe's former Villa players, a mature 28, dark and Hollywood handsome, explosively quick and tricky, a man who liked to relax in the dressing room after a game by lighting up a large cigar. Kelly, a quiet 21-year-old bachelor from Ireland, a Wolves player, immensely skilled dribbler, inexperienced, but with potential that Crowe was certain would be realised in Portland.

Getting the team to mesh would take a little time, that was all. But time was what Vic Crowe had run out of. Tomorrow was here.

A grey, damp, depressing tomorrow. The rain started at 4.30 in the morning and just went on and on all day. As evening came, it got heavier.

Driving to the stadium through the storm, Vic Crowe kept thinking to himself, over and over, "Well, that's killed it."

At 6 o'clock, when the stadium gates were opened, John Gilbertson — waiting to see his first-ever soccer game — was in the bar at the plush Multnomah Athletic Club. At 6.30 he summoned up the courage to walk through to the club's covered terrace, which gives a perfect view of the stadium and the playing field.

He saw a hollow, deserted shell dripping water from every edge, every angle, every corner. "Maybe there were 20 people in the stadium, I was too depressed to count, I went back to the bar and had four old-fashioneds." At 7 o'clock he ventured out again. Maybe 500 people this time. Back to the bar. But by 7.15 the miracle was happening. "It was still pouring, but there must have been 3,000 people in there, and they were streaming in."

At that moment, Don Paul, harrassed but happy, was outside the stadium trying to apologise to some 4,000 fans for the fact that only four ticket sellers were at work.

By kick-off time the crowd had reached 8,000, and Gilbertson was standing at the entrance to the players' tunnel staring out at the shiny, rain-soaked artificial turf field. Next to him, getting ready to make the ceremonial first kick, was Mildred Schwab, Portland's Commissioner of Public Affairs, who had bought herself a new pair of tennis shoes especially for the occasion.

Suddenly she pushed out her formidable chin and turned to Gilbertson: "Come on, let's show 'em we're true Oregonians" . . . so off came the raincoats, and the two splashed their way out on to the field. There they both got soaked and Miss Schwab committed one of the cardinal sins of soccer by belting the ball with her toe.

Probably no-one even noticed her appalling lack of form. Soccer sophistication was not the strongpoint of this crowd, enthusiasm was. They cheered things they should have booed, they booed when they ought to have cheered. Some, it was said, were not even sure which team was which.

Organised

The Timbers, inevitably, were a pretty disorganised group, and they lost the game 0-1. But the fans stayed for the whole 90 minutes, many of them sitting out in the rain.

And that was the last time they saw the Timbers lose. At the next game they saw Peter Withe score the winning goal against Toronto, watched him turn in the air, to be mobbed by his team-mates, and they began to understand something of the emotional excitement of soccer.

Against Rochester, three weeks later, the crowd was still around 8,000 and they had their first taste of the agony of sudden-death overtime, an agony that exploded into joy as Withe leaped to head the ball down to Willie Anderson running full speed into the penalty area, seeming to bounce off two defenders but still controlling the ball, dribbling it around the goalkeeper and neatly sidefooting it into the net.

By June 18 the word was around Portland that the Timbers were something different, that they were exciting, and nearly 15,000 were there to see Dallas beaten 3-0. They had found their favourite, little Jimmy Kelly, who was flowering just as Vic Crowe had hoped, dazzling the fans with his intricate ball control and serpentine dribbles. In Civic Stadium the banners read: "Jimmy Kelly for Mayor"!

Along with the banners came the noise. Against Vancouver on July 3 the crowd topped 18,000. "Welcome to Soccer City, USA" proclaimed Don Paul at half-time and the crowd's roar, their constant encouragement played a big part in the Timbers win that night. After only 20 minutes play, one of the Timbers was sent off; but 10 Timbers, plus the crowd, were to prove too much for 11 opponents. The score was 2-1 Portland, and the Timbers and their fans were drawn even closer.

Barry Powell found it hard to explain. "I played at Wembley in the 1974 League Cup Final before 100,000 fans. Yet this crowd sounds twice as loud. I don't know what it is." "That crowd," moaned an opposing coach, "is worth a goal a game to the Timbers."

The Seattle Sounders, the Timbers' 'local' rivals, were in town on July 26, to be greeted by a sell-out crowd of 27,310. Seattle got the first goal, on the half-hour, but that only turned up the volume of the crowd roar. Within three minutes, Kelly was weaving his magic on the left wing, leaving defenders floundering and laying off a perfect pass for Withe to tie the score. In the second half Kelly again reduced the Seattle defence to a shambles, and again Withe was there to put the ball in the net. At the final whistle, with Portland 2-1 winners, a sudden decision from Vic Crowe: "OK lads, a quick victory lap to thank the fans."

Celebration

What had been mere chaos immediately became total bedlam as half the fans stood to salute the team and the other half came pouring down on to field to be part of the celebration. The quick lap took over 20 minutes, and all the players eventually returned to the dressing room bare-chested, their shirts left somewhere out there among the ecstatic fans.

The Timbers marched into the playoffs — there to meet Seattle again, and to beat them in overtime on the memorable night that the fans stopped the traffic on Broadway.

For the semi-final against St Louis tickets went on sale at 9 am on August 15. The fans started to gather outside the stadium at 4 pm the previous afternoon, prepared to sleep out in sleeping bags, on beds and on chairs. By morning they were six deep around the stadium and at 10.30 they were cheering as though the game had already began. The Timbers, led by Vic Crowe, had decided to take one of their training laps around the outside of the stadium.

When ticket scalpers, the inevitable vultures of box-office success, made an appearance, Mildred Schwab — by now calling herself the Timbers' No. 1 fan — ordered more seats to be added. Baseball fields and the race track were stripped of temporary benches which were hastily installed at the stadium, with the last nuts and bolts being tightened only three hours before the kick-off.

When it came to Timbers affairs, Miss Schwab had an answer for everything: "They asked what I was going to do if they needed the seats back at the track the next day. I told them, 'I'll pray that it rains!' — and it did rain!"

Homework

The crowd was 33,500 — a new North American Soccer League record — and the score was 1-0 to Portland. Another crazy victory lap, then Willie Anderson set to work filling the dressing room with cigar fumes.

The impossible dream came to an end a week later in San Jose when the Timbers went down 0-2 to Tampa Bay in the NASL championship game. Tampa had done their homework well. Withe, Kelly and Anderson were throttled and for only the third time all season Portland were held scoreless.

So it was over and, with brutal suddenness, the Portland Timbers virtually ceased to exist as the players hurried back to England — and a new soccer season. Hundreds of people, who a few short months earlier had never seen a soccer game, were at Portland airport to see the players off, with banners, with cheers, and a few tears too.

END OF PART ONE

Don't miss the exciting Part II! Coming up shortly in this space! In which Paul Gardner looks at the reasons for soccer's surprising success in Portland, speculates on whether it will last, and analyses what it means for the future of soccer in the States.

A soccer ball — U.S.A. style.

WORLD XI

CHOOSING ELEVEN players of outstanding merit for the 12 months just ended has become one of the more pleasant tasks I have at a time when world standards are still declining in terms of skill, intelligence and entertainment value.

It is never intended that my XI should ever take the field though I feel that each of the players chosen is the type who would naturally fit in with other outstanding players for football is a game in which it is easier to play with great players around you. Thus though it is extremely unlikely that my team would ever turn out *en bloc*, I am confident they would provide a real festival of football if they ever did, for each one is an outstanding individual with anticipation, vision and understanding which are the international and universal pillars of the game.

If there is an outstanding star who has been omitted, probably because I have yet to see him, then I apologise to his fans. I try very hard to see all the top teams and top players and to keep up to date, but particularly since UEFA decreed that all competitive internationals will be played on the same days, one has always to choose between three or four games one would like to see. Not long ago it was possible to spend two weeks on the continent and see half a dozen big games, internationals, FA Cup Finals and the European Cup Final. I know because I did it often, but the new system makes this impossible.

So it is that once more Johan Cruyff has been omitted, despite the fact that Dutch and Belgian friends tell me he had one of his best ever games for Holland in the 5-0 win over Belgium. I was that same day watching Czechoslovakia v. USSR and missed the spectacle in Rotterdam. But Cruyff has not been in my teams for the last two years and after his disappointing show in Yugoslavia it is probable that he wouldn't figure in teams chosen by others today. At his best Cruyff can be magnificent, but he can also be very, very disappointing and I like my players — allowing for the odd off-day that everyone has — to be consistent and reliable.

In goal I have no hesitation in naming Ivo Viktor, for me the hero of the Czech's European championship success. Now 34, I have seen him often and he has never been anything less than a very good player but in Yugoslavia (and in Kiev where he broke the hearts of the Russians) he was at his peak, perhaps sensing that this was his last chance of helping to win a major trophy and rising to the occasion.

Viktor was superb in the Czech's 240 minutes in Zagreb and Belgrade and beaten only three times. Once by an unstoppable own goal from close range; a deflection off Holzenbein against the Germans... and in my opinion fouled when the Germans got their last second equaliser in the final.

Franz Beckenbauer, after winning his 100th cap for West Germany against Czechoslovakia in the European Championship Final.

Commend

Here one should give an honourable mention to Sepp Maier who would have been my choice had Viktor not played so superbly. Other players who are not in my team that I would like to commend readers to make a point of trying to see are Luis Pereira of Atletico Madrid and Brazil, like my choices for centre back, an attacking player who loves to go forward as well as being very good indeed as a defender.

Scotland's Martin Buchan, who also stars for Manchester United is a world class player too, another central defender with real class and one of the great mysteries of the contemporary game is how Scotland can play without him.

Two other Czech defenders with real class and an attacking bent also took my eye in the last year, both playing brilliantly in Yugoslavia. Right back Jan Pivernik, who continually drove his team to attack even though they were tiring fast, and Karol Dobias, usually a right back himself until the choice had to be made between them and he was converted to play a utility role, given different tasks in each game and fulfilling them all superbly.

Selected by Eric Batty

Ivo Viktor
(Dukla Prague & Czechoslovakia)

Colin Todd
(Derby County & England)

Paul Breitner
(Real Madrid)

Anton Ondrus
(Slovan Bratislava & Czechoslovakia)

Franz Beckenbauer
(Bayern Munchen & W. Germany)

Antonin Panenka
(Bohemians & Czech.)

Viktor Kolotov
(Dynamo Kiev & USSR)

Branko Oblak
(Schalke 04 & Yugoslavia)

Ruud Geels
(Ajax & Holland)

Gerd Muller
(Bayern Munchen)

Oleg Blokhin
(Dynamo Kiev & USSR)

As always in recent years, class forwards are very hard to find but I would like to comment on two that I have omitted. First, Rob Rensenbrink who ran Blokhin close but finally lost out. An outstanding player and unusually, like Blokhin, one who can only operate on the left wing. Unusual because while it is really outstanding left wingers that are almost impossible to find, this year I've seen two . . . but no brilliant right winger and unfortunately neither Rensenbrink nor Blokhin can play on the right.

Finally, the 'new Pele' Brazil's 23-years-old inside right Zico who will doubtless become a very good player indeed but has yet to live up to his reputation. Let us accept that there will never be another Pele, even more regrettfully there will never be another Di Stefano. I mention Zico to place my opinion on record that this young man, based on what I have seen, is a long way from being amongst Brazil's best three players — Rivelino and the two left backs, Marco Antonio and Mario Marinho, are my choices.

Stoppers

For my central defenders I have always insisted on class and ability, ignoring the out and out stoppers who simply destroy. If striking forwards of true ability are still unhappily rare, coaches seem to be using their stoppers more and more, giving them licence to express their ability and really play rather than be just stoppers.

Josip Katalinski and Ivica Surjak are two fine examples, but my votes go to Franz Beckenbauer who appears to have lost none of his drive and energy and will to win with the passing years and rising bank balance — and a young man who was the heart and at times the driving force of the Czechs, Anton Ondrus.

Ondrus has always been an attacking player — converted to be a stopper and supremely gifted with skill for such a big man. Unbeatable in the air he moves up *a la Beckenbauer* and gets goals in open play, once scoring four goals in one game from stopper for Slovan, and heading a fine goals against Holland and never ceasing to look for more whenever the chance arose.

Would that every coach would seek such players — and have the courage and confidence to let them play. The game would be so much better for it.

At full back I have deliberately chosen two men who took my eye in other positions but who I feel are too good to be left out. Colin Todd is of course a central defender like Beckenbauer and Ondrus but he has played at full back for England. I have included him, partly because he represents the 'one' in my assessment that England have only 'one and a half' players of true international quality: Trevor Brooking being the other half. Brooking must get a mention for he lacks only consistency to become really great and he shows distinct signs of that.

Ability

At left back I have named Paul Breitner — a former left back converted to play in midfield because his boss thinks he was wasted at full back. Breitner has now made the switch to inside right without faltering, proving his all-round ability that I never doubted but I would prefer him at left back to any other player I have seen in that position in the last year.

In midfield I have made three choices that will perhaps be controversial and all I can say is that I like what I like and perhaps I have seen 'my' players on their best days. However I make no apologies for including Panenk, Kolotov and Oblak.

Branko Oblak has been an outstandingly skilful general for some years, showing up well in the 1974 World Cup, but never being quite as good as he is now after training as a professional in West Germany where he seems to have acquired an extra edge to his play. He was the king pin in the Yugoslavs assault on West Germany in the European championship semi-finals and gave a display that I haven't seen equalled in many years.

Victor Kolotov is, of course, young enough to improve still further and though nominally a midfield player for club and country he plays in fact a deep-lying, attacking centre forward type game. He works a little, more when the need arises, but is essentially a counter attacking player who springs forward from midfield with and without the ball.

With it he has the ability to ghost past opponents and the pace to stay ahead of them once beaten. Going forward he has the 'Brazilian' knack of exchanging one-two's that come off, and alternates that with quick dribbling sprints and creates chances for others as well as scoring goals himself.

Antonin Panenka was the revelation for me of 1974 when I first saw him play for his club and dominate the game for every second he was there. True he lacks stamina, but that is easily put right compared to giving players gifts they do not have. If he played well but not brilliantly for Czechoslovakia in the final games of the European championship, his penalty alone was enough to make the really discerning fan rave about him.

Many lesser players would have had difficulty scoring with that last vital spot kick with so much hanging on it, but Panenka showed his true class under the most severe pressure. I never had any doubts about his skills, but chipping and curling that dead ball, so deceiving Maier that the 'keeper who went the right way did not have a prayer and dived underneath the ball, was superb.

Elegant

As for my attacking trio, I have already mentioned Blokhin briefly. Suffice now to say that he is probably the quickest striker in the game today with an elegant left foot and a delicate touch that enables him to give up none of his pace with the ball at his feet. He gets goals too, some of them real gems.

My problem positions were right wing and centre forward and I finally rested on Ruud Geels, despite his lack of real class, for his effectiveness and his ability to play both roles as well as the goals that seem to flow from his feet every time he plays no matter what the level. And I put him on the wing because though Gerd Muller is now out of the international arena he remains the supreme striker who can, even when he gets only two chances as he did in the 1976 European Cup Final, take one and put it away against an off side flag that was wrong in my view — and another that was foiled only by equally brilliant anticipation by Ivan Curkovic in the St. Etienne goal.

No one yet has reproduced Muller's magical quality of choosing the right time (not to mention the knack) of taking two steps to get clear of his shadow and when the ball comes be in a shooting position. Above all, though he had a spell in midfield with Bayern he still got goals coming forward and most priceless of all, he has the skill to take an unbelievably high proportion of his chances. With Gerd Muller about, a chance, even a half chance is virtually a goal.

News from the Soviet Union

New fixture arrangements help Kiev to qualify

PUT OUT of the European Cup by St. Etienne and beaten in the European Championship by Czechoslovakia it seems that the Russian Football Federation is determined to win something tangible in 1976 and add to the honours taken by their best team in years, Dynamo Kiev of Muntjan, Kolotov, Blokhin fame . . . in 1975.

The squad based on the Kiev club have recently taken over friendly international fixtures originally arranged for the Olympic Games squad that had been in preparation since January and presumably they will now be disbanded.

It had already been determined that the Soviet authorities were going to change their playing season from spring — autumn to autumn — spring, bringing them into line with the rest of Europe (bar Scandinavia). This will enable their new champions to go on from playing league football straight into the European competition. To smooth the way for Dynamo Kiev, it has been decided that the current championship will take place in two halves, the first unofficial with the 'champions' after the opening 15 league games only gaining a UEFA Cup place, and the real championship being the final 15 games (due to start after the Olympics) when the prize will be the regular championship trophy and a place in the European Cup.

Fixtures

This way, Dynamo Kiev who have been kept very busy with international fixtures and European Cup games in the spring and now look like going to Montreal . . . and having to prepare for it, will not suffer as a consequence.

Meanwhile, in the unofficial championship Dynamo Kiev had fielded their first team players as and when available (and fit) but have quite frequently turned out their reserve team.

This explains why after three games the Kiev club had a goals tally of 1-1 and why it was not until the sixth game that Blokhin obtained his first goal of the new league campaign. That same weekend, the Lokomotive-Torpedo derby in Moscow ended 3-2 for Torpedo, a vital affair for both clubs shared bottom place before the kick off. At the top Karpaty Lvov temporarily stole into top place after beating Ararat Jerevan 2-1.

At the seventh hurdle, Dynamo Kiev turned out their full squad again away to Schachtjor Donezk but could only draw 0-0 — won 2, drawn 3 and lost 2 for a remarkable goals tally of 3 to 2 over seven games and Ararat hammered Odessa 4-0 to move up to share top place with four other clubs who all had nine points from seven games.

Subsequently, Ararat won two consecutive games away, 1-0 against Zarja at Vorochilovgrad and 3-2 at Dneperpetrovsk where left winger Armen Azarian scored twice and, winning games away, looked as if they were going to stay there.

Dynamo Kiev also put a couple of results together to move up to within two points of Ararat but significantly they pulled in only 12,000 when they won 2-1 at home to lowly Zarja, presumably a hint from the locals that they were tired of seeing the reserves play.

Meanwhile in Moscow, another 12,000 crowd left the giant Lenin Stadium appearing empty for Odessa's visit to Spartak. The home side had been playing atrociously but a goal by international Jevguenij Lovchev and two more from Mikhail Boulgakov sewed the points up for Spartak at 4-1.

Unknown

With Dynamo Kiev playing their reserves or at half strength there has been a levelling in the highest standard of play with the result that several teams have occupied the leading place. Karpaty Lvov, unknown five or six years ago when they came up from Division II, beat Ararat 2-1 at the sixth hurdle and took over the lead. Dynamo Moscow have also topped the table briefly with Dynamo Tbilissi up there too. Early on it looked like the Army team ZSKA Moscow though they slipped a bit, particularly away from home and now it seems Ararat are back where they were before the new Dynamo Kiev entered the lists.

The FA decision to make the last 15 games in the championship the "official" championship is clearly designed to help Dynamo Kiev who should be at full strength after the Olympics but there have been other signs too that the FA are hoping to make maximum use of the Kiev side.

With transfers usually barred, virtually impossible to obtain, apparently for fear that money would change hands under the counter with the regulations banning transfers this would be a near certainty. However, Kiev have already obtained defender Victor Zwiagincev from Schachtjor Donezk and the appearance of Spartak players Jevguenij Lovchev and Aleksander Prochorov in the national team is in fact a trial period.

With Jevguenij Rudakov the Kiev 'keeper now 34 the team needs a new 'keeper and if these two satisfy Kiev manager Valerij Lobanovsky it seems they will be transferred. The same should apply to striking forward Leonid Nazarenko too.

Pressure

However, there are distinct signs that the Dynamo Kiev squad is feeling the pressure. The burden placed on them included winning the European Cup, and the European championship and doing well at home as well as in the new European competitions in the autumn. They cracked earlier than one might have expected, probably due to the Russian authorities not being aware of the players human needs.

From early January when they flew to Yugoslavia for pre-season training, then on to Bulgaria, back to Yugoslavia and home to Sochi on the Russian Black Sea the players were away from home for almost 100 days and though on their travels they actually changed planes once in Kiev they were not allowed even one night at home with wives, children and girl friends.

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Bukta sportwear — Outstrip them in the changing room and outstrip them on the field.

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STOCKPORT, ENGLAND

Looking at Soccer with Brian Glanville

Has Bear touch wi

WHAT DRAMA, what tension surround the coming meeting of Italy and England in Rome next November, for the World Cup! England's surprising victory, stuffed with reserves, in New York, with all its concomitant Italian violence, renewed Italian violence in New Haven against Brazil, England's subsequent 4-1 victory in Finland; these might indeed be the ingredients of a witches' brew.

How sorry I feel for poor Enzo Bearzot, Italy's team manager, to whose other troubles was added the knowledge that on June 30, his very job was up for reassessment. I have great admiration for him both as a man and as a manager; it seems to me, however, that he has taken on a Canute like task and that, like Canute, but not as disingenuously, he appears to have lost touch with reality.

The reality of the Italian team, as I see it, is that it represents a bankrupt football. This is not for a moment to say that we shall beat it in Rome (or, for that matter Naples), not even to feel sure it can be beaten at Wembley, but simply to record the facts. If you feel I am prejudiced, then may I acquaint you with the words of Gigi Radice, the young manager who has just won the Italian title with Torino, and who insists: "We are inferior to Czechoslovakia, West Germany, Holland and Yugoslavia, we must train more and learn to fight, because this season we have seen the *azzurri* crumble after half an hour, at the first difficulty."

Fighters

It is a statement which hardly accords with Bearzot's feelings expressed to me in Helsinki, when he said he felt proud of the Italian team because it had proved in the last 20 minutes in New York that it was a team of fighters. To their credit, the Italian journalists who were present would not let him get away with that, pointing out that all the Italians showed in those last stages in New York was the force of sheer desperation, at the end of their tether. Bearzot's view of certain controversial incidents was also rather bizarre.

Thus, he reproached me for having written that Franco Causio spat at him when substituted playing against England in New York. Had such a thing happened, he said, he would never have allowed Causio to play the next game in New Haven. I made my apologies but explained that I had confirmed the story with three eye witnesses, players who had all been standing nearby when the alleged incident took place. On the plane from Helsinki back to London, I spoke to two of those witnesses, each of whom confirmed what they had previously said, and added for good measure that when a substitute tried to shake hands with Causio, he had brusquely pushed him away.

A third skein was woven into this strange design when, in Belgrade, a Turinese journalist who knows Causio well informed me that I had taken it all too seriously. Perhaps Causio had indeed reacted to his substitution, but that was Causio, the impulsive fellow; he'd have done just the same to anybody, and it wasn't to be taken seriously.

Excused

How seriously, then, should one take Causio's eruption against Brazil, when he kicked an opponent and got himself sent off? Bearzot excused him, or tried to, on the grounds that this was untypical, and that Causio had been provoked. It seems, if one may say so, a little too easy to provoke Causio.

And Facchetti's disgraceful explosion in New York when, after having a goal very properly disallowed, he punched Mick Mills on the chest and twice swung blows at Dave Clement? Bearzot assured me, which I scarcely needed to be told, that this was not typical, and that Facchetti was under tension. No doubt he was, partly because, at 34, he is now well over the hill as an international footballer, partly because, perhaps, the Italian players knew they stood to win a £1,400 bonus were they to beat England, and a very great deal more should they win the tournament.

After Doyle's mistake had given them a goal, the Italians played a great deal of elegant, polished, talented football, but even at half time another Turin colleague came to me and said scornfully that it was being played largely by Antognoni and Causio, players who were all well and good for friendlies. By the end of the game, when England had wiped out the deficit and were leading 3-2, I had to concede that he might have a point.

Franco Causio of Italy

arzot lost with reality?

Mike Channon receives the congratulations of his colleagues after scoring for England against Italy in the USA

The Italians now are paying the penalty for not putting their house in order after the 1974 World Cup when, you may remember, they went into exaggerated orgies of breast beating, and compiled lists to show that almost without exception, in an era of Total Football, sweepers in the Italian First Division were ex-defenders rather than players who might be expected to break out and attack.

It was also widely trumpeted that Italian players didn't train hard enough. Indeed, *Tuttosport* of Turin actually published physiological data to show that their footballers were hopelessly unfit by comparison with the practitioners of other sports.

Nothing happened. The dreary defensive old Campionato ground on its way, no managers having the guts or sense to make the changes desired, though practically all of them were ready to pay unctuous lip service. It was so much easier to sit on the splice, let the opposition attack, and score the occasional goal in a sudden counter. It was so much easier to mark man to man, to foul the opposition when things looked threatening and there was a chance a forward might pass you, and to fill in the holes with a sweeper no more interested in crossing the halfway line than in going to the moon. Apart from anything else, it obviated the need to get your players really fit, and without exceptional fitness it is impossible to play Total Football, or any variant of it. You could go on being an Italian style sweeper till 54, let alone 34.

I wonder whether anything will change, even now; I tend to doubt it. The insanely large sums of money involved in the game breed fear to lose, and fear as we know engenders caution. The irony is that it might actually pay Italy to go back to the old, dead *catenaccio* against England in Rome, and at Wembley, rather than soldier on with what the good and honest Bearzot has been bravely trying to do.

But how can he hope to succeed when time is so short and when the whole nature of the Italian Championship is dead against him? Besides, where is the "fluidifying" *libero* to come from? He hasn't even got one to play as an old fashioned, hyper-defensive sweeper against England in November.

Facchetti is gone, and Gaetano Scirea, who was given several games in his place last season, never remotely looked the answer. Santarini of Rome looked a very good player to me when I saw him at Stoke a few years ago, one capable of going forward as well as defending, but he, like the ruthless and unlovable Wilson of Lazio, haven't sufficient international experience.

A point or two should be made. The worst foul of the Brazil-Italy match, which did not lead to an expulsion, was presumably that of Gil on Capello, which put the poor Juventus player off the park with a gash on the knee needing nine stitches. The individual level of Italian players remains very high.

I cannot honestly say I feel confident England will *win* in Rome, though I feel that were they allowed to play football, then they probably would. It is much more likely, given what has happened and given the pressures of the occasion, that they will be comprehensively kicked. Bearzot swears it won't happen, and I am quite sure he wouldn't want it to happen, but the contemporary Italian player has ways of his own, which can neither be charmed nor explained away.

News from SPAIN by Keir Radnedge

ATLETIC FINAL B

ATLETICO MADRID had won the Spanish Cup four times before and Zaragoza had won it twice when these two faced each other in Chamartin in this season's final before 80,000 fans who included King Juan Carlos, an avowed supporter of Atletico.

Yet, despite Atletico's long traditions, those four titles had all been claimed in just the previous 15 years.

They certainly deserved to finish the season with some reward. For so long they had looked favourites for the league until Luis Pereira was injured. The big Brazilian and fellow countryman Lievinha were now, as foreigners, of course, ineligible for the Cup — yet this, to the *Colchoneros'* superstitious fans, wasn't much of a drawback!

After all, they reasoned, in 1960, when Atletico won the Cup for the first time, they had to do so without their great Brazilian star of the era, World Cup centre forward Vava.

Atletico's first final was in 1921, when they were beaten 4-1 in San Mames by their original parent club, Atletico Bilbao. Five years later, in Valencia, they were back, this time facing Barcelona. At half-time Atletico were 2-0 up, but by the final whistle they had lost . . . 3-2.

After that, despite the league successes under Ricardo Zamora and Helenio Herrera in between, it wasn't until 1956 that they returned to the Cup Final. Again Bilbao were the opponents, again Bilbao were the winners. This time 2-1. And then, at last, when no-one expected it, Atletico turned the Cup corner. In 1960, in Chamartin, against a Real Madrid team who had just magisterially won their fifth Champions' Cup, Atletico came from behind in the second half for a shock 3-1 win.

The same next year, Atletico again having the better of the Madrid Cup derby. Now 3-2. Joaquin Peiro, today their second in command and who had scored in both the 1956 and 1960 finals, got two more.

Then, in 1964, came the first of the pairings which we saw repeated this summer: Atletico faced Zaragoza . . . and went down 2-1. The next year the same finalists returned and this time a goal from Luis Cardona saw Atletico turn the tables. After that we move on to 1972, and this time goals from Ignacio Salcedo and Jose Garate saw Atletico home 2-1 against Valencia.

And, coincidentally, it was veteran midfielder Salcedo who was Atletico's star against Zaragoza this time round.

Atletico: Reina; Capon, R. Heredia, Eusebio, Diaz; Marcelino, Salcedo (Alberto 76), Leal; Ayala, Garate, Becerra (Aguilar 60).

Zaragoza: Junquera; J. Heredia (Rico 46), Blanco, M. Gonzalez, Roya; Garcia Castany (Juango 79), J. Gonzalez, Arrua, Simarro; Rubial, Diarte.

Zaragoza, who had also appeared in the Cup Finals of 1963 (losers) and 1967 (winners), in the days of the *Cinco Magnificos*, knew they faced a sad time of it in Chamartin even before Atletico won the toss for use of the home dressing room.

For a start, it was a game of goodbyes. Carlos Diarte, their Paraguayan striker, had already signed for Valencia. This would be his last game for Zaragoza. Coach Luis Carriega was also in charge for the last time — Lucien Muller having already been named as his successor.

Decision

On top of that, the other Paraguayan, Saturnino Arrua, had announced his intention of walking out. Rumour linked him, too, with Valencia. After all, now he had gone back on his original decision never to become a naturalised Spaniard, he was a much more marketable commodity.

Even the referee was retiring. Jose Segrelles, however, didn't go out as serenely as he wished. Zaragoza's players were extremely bitter afterwards, claiming he had refused them two penalties. Neutral observers, however, felt that he had been generous in not sending off their former Real Madrid defender Jose Heredia for a brutal foul on Garate.

The Buenos Aires-born Atletico skipper had presumably 'earned' that because only a few minutes earlier — the 26th — he had scored what proved the only goal of the game.

The opening was made by Salcedo, cutting himself a gap on the right, and hitting a fast cross which the diving Garate met beautifully with his head. Goalkeeper Andres Junquera, another former Real Madrid player in the Zaragoza defence, never stood a chance.

Later in the game came bookings for the anxious Diarte for overturning Jose Capon, and for Eusebio, for tripping Diarte. But it wasn't a dirty game and the Zaragoza players stayed cool in their long vain search for the equaliser.

Atletico coach Luis Aragones had said beforehand: "It doesn't matter how we play, just as long as we win" — a rare admission from him. No doubt he was well aware of the problems which could follow if, after a fine season, Atletico fell short yet again.

Atletico had reached the final having had to beat a first division club in each of their four previous rounds. Back in February they beat Santander 1-0 in the Estadio Calderon, but were 1-0 down after 90 minutes in the return and needed extra time to grab the equaliser.

Next opponents were Gijon, more concerned with the fight against relegation, but no easy touch. Atletico won 2-1 away, and were held 1-1 at home.

Strangely that pattern persisted in both the quarter and semi finals. First Atletico won 3-2 away to Barcelona and held on 1-1 at home. Then they won 2-1 in San Sebastian and again it was 1-1 in front of their own fans.

The *Maños* of Zaragoza had it easier. First they beat third division Ibiza 1-2 and 5-0, then relegation-threatened first division Granada 3-3, 3-1. In the quarter finals it was second division Tenerife who were the rivals. Tenerife had previously knocked out holders Real Madrid and were keen on some more giant-killing. They beat Zaragoza 1-0 in the first leg and were somewhat unlucky to go down 2-0 in the return . . .

Replacement

The semi-finals saw Zaragoza paired with Betis, who hadn't reached the final for more than 40 years. They're still waiting. Zaragoza won 2-1 in their own La Romareda and drew 1-1 in Seville.

And so to the final, though by then the transfer was in full swing and Zaragoza's team was already breaking up. Atletico, too, had already started their rebuilding, with their main signing being the 24-year-old Elche forward Ruben Cano.

This man is yet another naturalised Argentinian, but whether Atletico intend to use him as replacement for Adlardo, who has retired, or that sprightly veteran Garate, remains to be seen. Cano, who cost £200,000, had spent two years with Elche after five years playing in Argentina with Atlanta.

Not that all the transfer news relates solely to inter-Spain dealings. Santander, for example, surprised everyone by signing the 28-year-old Sporting Lisbon

CO WIN CUP BY ONE GOAL

goalkeeper, Victor Damas, Portugal's most consistent last line of defence since Alberto Costa Pereira.

Damas, who had been with Sporting 12 years had succeeded Joaquim Carvalho there, had wanted to get away for some time and Santander snatched him from the clutches of Porto, the biggest-spending Portuguese club at the moment, who had the transfer virtually signed and sealed.

It took a special plea from the Spanish FA to their Portuguese counterparts before Porto could be persuaded, grudgingly, to accept that they'd be pipped at the post.

Meanwhile, also coming in from Portugal is Jordao, the Benfica forward who only stayed in Lisbon last year out of loyalty to president Borges Coutinho, and after winning a promise that, if he received a good offer this summer, he would be allowed to go.

Medical

What is not clear now is whether Zaragoza will go through with the deal. It seems their medical check found some complication. Not the first time a Portugal-Spain deal has been held up in this way. Last year Atletico turned down Sporting Lisbon stopper Carlos Alinho because of an old leg injury. He stayed in Portugal, had a fine season with Porto, and is now set to come to Spain at last with Betis.

City rivals Sevilla are still casting around. They've been refused Horacio Scotta and Mario Kempes in Argentina, but had already agreed to release the unpredictable Gambian forward Biri-Biri and the one-time Setubal schemer, Duda, who returns to his native Brazil.

Also going back to South America could be Uruguayan centre forward Denis Millar. Penarol are interested in the one-time Liverpool Montevideo striker who has hardly set Granada alight.

But, overshadowing all this wheeling and dealing has been the big row in Barcelona all because CFB have signed Jose Antonio Ramos, the most promising defender of their neighbours and rivals, Espanol.

The decision to sell caused a storm of protest from Espanol fans, who accused president Manuel Meler of betraying the traditions of the club.

CFB, meanwhile, were cock-a-hoop at the coup. Ramos, 25, born in Tetuan, North Africa, joined Espanol as a 19-year-old — and it took their officials three long days to persuade him that he could make a career as a professional footballer.

Even after he'd agreed to sign he obviously had his doubts, for he made them give him time off to study for his science doctorate at Barcelona University! Now, while waiting to capitalise on that studying, he has signed a three-year contract worth about £20,000 a season.

He came into the Espanol team first at right back, then switched to sweeper, since when he's played three times for Spain's Olympic team and twice for the full national side. No doubt now he'll find it even easier to force himself into Ladislao Kubala's reckoning.

But the decision to sell him can't have been easy for a club who had just finished fourth in the league and qualified for next season's UEFA Cup. Meler, realistic as ever, had a ready reply for the angry fans.

First he explained that though the team had done well, gates and receipts were down and the club could not afford to go on piling up debts. The £200,000 for Ramos would bring Espanol back, at long last, into the black.

Finances

And though this wasn't the first time a star had been sold to keep the club afloat, it might not be so necessary in future now that finances were back on an even keel.

Meler looked back at the players who had been sold over the years.

"We sold Marcial, remember? That was before my time, but I admire the men who made that decision. It was very unpopular, but very brave. And without it Espanol would have gone into liquidation.

"Now, during my time as president, we sold Lico, a fine player, in exchange for a good man named Poli and enough money to keep the club's head above water. Later we had to let Roberto Martinez go to Real Madrid. Doing that gave us the money to rebuild a little.

"As in life, so in football, you have to take two steps forward and one back to progress. And though to some of the fans selling players like Ramos might look like too much of a step back, I think they forget the many good men we've been able to bring in.

"At least I can guarantee that neither Daniel Sosiona nor Carlos Caszely will be transferred — at any price."

Solsona, unhappily, could well miss the start of the new season after contracting hepatitis.

So, with Ramos moving in, everything looks brighter for Barcelona, particularly since Hugo Sotil and Juan Manuel Asensi have signed new contracts. Sotil stays, rather than returning to Peru, because of the re-engagement of Rinus Michels. "It's tremendous that he's back," said Sotil. "He's a hard man, but he's a good professional. I don't think Hennes Weisweiler thought much of us South Americans."

And, while on the subject of managers let's look at some of the other switches . . .

Bilbao have given their post to former international wing half Luis Maria Aguirre, still only 37, after dabbling with the names of Bob Paisley (Liverpool), Bill McGarry (ex Wolves) and Jose Arribas (Nantes).

They were also tempted at one stage to try to lure back Milorad Pavic, the former Benfica and Bilbao boss who has just brought Malaga back into the first division on the tails of Burgos and Celta.

Roque Olsen leaves Sevilla for Las Palmas and Hector Rial, back from Saudi Arabia, takes on Coruna. Another former Madrid man, Vivente Miera, who did well with Ovieda, even though they returned hastily to the second grade, could take over also-relegated Gijon.

Long time

Benfica turned down Miguel Munoz ("too expensive") while at the other end of the scale, two former Madrid men are getting together at third division Osasuna. Joining the directors is Ignacio Zoco, who began his career there before making his name with Real. And presumably it's his influence which has seen the club take on Enrique Perez Diaz, better known once as Pachin, as coach. The two men were partners in the Madrid defence for a long time.

Madrid, meanwhile, continue their search for a new foreign star to replace Günter Netzer. Uli Hoeness, a close friend of Paul Breitner, was a popular favourite until he missed that last penalty in the European Championship . . .

Finally, while the Americans were celebrating their Bicentennial on July 4, one other birthday went largely unnoticed. Alfredo di Stefano was 50. Now does that make you feel old?

SPONSORSH AND FOOTE

ONE OF the most intriguing facets of the last English football season has been the dispute between the chairman of the Professional Footballers Association, Derek Dougan, in his new capacity as general manager of the non-League club Kettering Town, and the Football Association. In his quest for additional revenue, Dougan, supported by Kettering's board of directors, had signed an agreement with a local tyre manufacturer, whereby for the sum of £4,000 the Kettering players would advertise the product on their jerseys.

This undertaking was apparently in contravention of an FA regulation, confirmed back in 1972, which forbids all clubs such forms of commercial publicity. What incensed Mr. Dougan was the fact, that the FA has for its own benefit arranged a lucrative deal with a well known sportswear firm whose products are now freely advertised by the England national team with the trade mark "Admiral" displayed on the track suits and the company's insignia worn on the playing shirts.

Whilst one can argue that direct publicity might offend public taste, it is equally certain that without supplementary income, which can only come from commercial sponsorship, many clubs will sooner or later be plunged into dire financial straits.

It is my opinion, that despite the drawbacks emanating from old traditions and notwithstanding opposition on purely ethical grounds, the clubs in this country must now adopt a more realistic attitude to their problems.

Prevent

I think that British football, which in the last 20 years has copied a number of innovations to the game from the Continent, will have to seriously consider taking yet another leaf out of the more progressive countries to prevent an economic collapse. Soccer in the British Isles now stands at cross roads. Following the alarming slump in attendances, with over five million spectators fewer than in 1968 season for instance, the clubs in collaboration with the legislators from the Football Association and the Football League, will now have to turn to other sources, or enterprises, which are willing to invest money in football.

Out of the 92 League clubs fewer than half a dozen are currently run at a profit. The majority exist mainly through the generosity of its supporter clubs, the benevolence of local authorities and the philanthropy or directors, some of whom are still prepared to pour private capital into an ailing club. Unless some positive action is taken soon, organised football, as we now know it, will cease to function within a decade or so.

Recent

On the Continent the professional and semi-professional clubs, as well as the national federations have recognised the need to acquire new sources of income and have in recent years in ever increasing numbers ventured into direct sponsorship. The French were the first to allow their clubs to sell advertising space on the players' jerseys. For a fixed annual sum French clubs became direct carriers of the sponsor's name, or the product which he was marketing.

A company manufacturing a well known brand of soft drinks can claim to have pioneered this idea which at first caused raised eyebrows among the more conservative officials, amusement and derisory comment in the crowd and some embarrasment for the players, but which nevertheless has proved practical and lucrative!

Other countries soon followed suit, notably Austria, where even before the reform and restructure of the National League (*Bunderliga*), since then reduced to ten clubs, all First Division teams were sponsored by a variety of well known industrial and commercial enterprises.

Last year's champions and cup holders Wacker Innsbruck even altered their name to Svarovski and carried the full wording of this famous Austrian optical manufacturer on their shirts. Last season the club has also acquired additional sponsors in a German Radio and TV company which shares the rights with Svarovski but uses the advertising "space" on the jerseys.

Capital

To the multitude of businesses who are backing that country's soccer clubs belong to two large banks, who are advertised by the record champions Rapid of Vienna and local rivals Wiener Sportklub; a company manufacturing carpets is supporting Grazer AK; a beer brewery injects capital into Admira/Wacker, whilst other firms engaged in sponsorship are as follows, with the name of the club in brackets; Soft drinks distributors (Linzer ASK); a department store (Austria Salzburg); wood works (Austria Klagenfurt); building contractors (Sturm Durisol); electrical equipment (Vorwerk Bregenz); wine and spirit merchants (Eisenstadt); paper mill (First Vienna); insurance company (Austria/WAC); aluminium manufacturers (FC Radentheim) and radio and associate equipment makers (Simmering).

Even the State Combined Iron and Steel Works from Linz have jumped on the bandwagon and are advertising through their own works team, formerly too, champions of Austria. This club representing the "Vereinigte Oesterreichische Eisen und Stahl Werke" is called *VOeST* for short. And these giant works are also behind another football club, the DSV Alpine Donawitz.

The sponsors also help out with the acquisition of new players. Others pay the clubs a lump sum to cover all running expenses for the season. In return, the players may be looking like living hoardings, but it does help the clubs to remain solvent. In any case, once the fans are used to the idea of seeing the name of the company or product displayed on the shirts worn by

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SHIP TBALL

ARTHUR ROTMIL asks whether England should relax its rules and follow the continental trend

their favourites, there is nothing more to be embarrased about.

England, as is well known, has not been slow to reproduce ideas from the Continent. One doesn't have to stretch memory too far to recall how after years of refusal to fall in line with other countries and the curious obstinacy to remain the "odd man out", British football has finally accepted the concept of using substitutes. By the same token floodlighting used in Europe before the war in the 'thirties, was allowed here in competitive matches in the 'fifties. Next came streamlined gear for the players with smart, bodyclinging jerseys, short trunks and lightweight boots. The ban on charging the goalkeepers, the removal of the maximum wage, the numbering of goalkeepers' jerseys, the recognition of Sunday football and now the adoption of goal difference, instead of goal average — all these ideas were copied from the Continent.

Now that many League clubs are in serious financial trouble — Peterborough and Swansea City are considering selling their grounds — and a few will shortly go out of business altogether, why not accept another idea and introduce direct sponsorship in football on the lines successfully tried and now established in Western Europe. Of course, some people may raise objections on moral grounds. This was initially the case in West Germany, where the first club to sign an agreement with a commercial sponsor were Eintracht Brunswick and they wanted to advertise a firm dispensing alchohol!

Replica

A famous German brand of liquor called "Jägermeister", has as its symbol the head of a stag. The replica was introduced by Eintracht on the team's shirts, but the German Football Federation (DFB) stepped in pointing out the rule which forbids clubs to carry on their clothing any emblem other than the official badge. Still Eintracht avoided a confrontation with the DFB by changing the club's insignia to a stag's head! But next the DFB wanted a smaller emblem to be worn, until eventually the authorities had to give way when more and more clubs began to apply pressure and to seek sponsors.

Today even the wealthiest and most famous German clubs are promoting various products on the players' shirts. The European Cup holders Bayern Munich represent "Adidas", the leading sports equipment manufacturers. Hamburger SV have just ended their association with the Italian spirit firm "Campari", having clinched a lucrative contract with a Japanese electronics company.

That this form of advertising can have its amusing side was shown in a recent cup final when at the final whistle the players, as has been customary, swapped jerseys forgetting in their excitement the commercial implications. Thus the victorious team rushed up to receive the Cup and collect the medals wearing the other club's shirts and therefore publicising another product, instead of the one for which the club was being paid. The sponsors concerned were understandably not amused.

A group of England players, with the name Admiral to, the fore, at a training session in the United States.

HOLLAN
MANY P

by ERIC BATTY

THE VAST majority of people greatly admired the play of the Dutch team in the last World Cup, critics, coaches and fans alike, but by almost any standards the Dutch domestic game has real problems.

To start with the Dutch FA, the KNVB have money troubles which arise from the fact that the public have shown they are unwilling to pay to see friendly international matches without their emigre stars. The last time the Dutch tried a friendly — against Switzerland in Rotterdam — they pulled in only 12,000 cash customers and I understand they recently appealed to their government for financial aid.

This was declined on the grounds that the top clubs appear to have plenty of money, judging by the transfer fees they pay and the salaries being earned by star players and the governmental view, not unreasonably was, "let the clubs chip in and help you if you need money".

But even at club level the economic pinch is beginning to be felt, reflected in the attendance figures for last season. Relegated Rotterdam club Excelsior saw their average attendance drop from over 6,000 in 1974-75 to a little more than 4,000 last season and both FC Amsterdam and Telstar were little better off.

Newly promoted Eindhoven averaged crowds almost as good as the long established FC Den Haag, formerly A.D.O. (The Hague) and FC Twente — the best of the small town teams, hanging on to the tails of the big three almost every year but forced to sell some of their best players to survive — only averaged just over 10,000 per game.

Standards

Feyenoord topped the list of average attendances but with less than 30,000 average compared with over 37,000 the previous season, around 45,000 not too long ago and in the 60's having capacity 65,000 crowds for many games.

Clearly the Rotterdam public is becoming more and more particular though of course, the rising living standards and other interests were sure to slice into the crowds of the good old days.

Champions PSV Eindhoven, with their overhead heating for games on cold winter days and a majority of covered seats averaged more than 18,000 which for a stadium that can only accommodate 22,000 is not bad at all.

Ajax, on the other hand, are suffering. In their golden period their crowds for the ordinary league games were staged on their own little ground and not very good at all. What made all the difference to them was the almost guaranteed 65,000 sell-outs every time they played a game in one of the European competitions which they did for five or six years in a row. That enabled the club to pay big salaries and bonuses, engage some of the best Dutch players and build up cash reserves.

Now Ajax are out of the European Cup again next season which was the real money spinner, and last season they averaged only 18,588, down from more than 20,000 the previous season. Even that 18,000 would have been lower but for a couple of games at the Olympic stadium against Feyenoord and PSV.

Philips are naturally expected to subsidise their sports club, PSV, but though they have helped out financially in the past as the home base of the giant multinational Electrical corporation, they are now apparently adamant that the club must pay its own way. No doubt things might change if PSV were to win the European Cup, as they might well do for the 'free' advertising thus gained would be tremendous.

This is quite on the cards for in the 1976 semi-finals PSV lost 0-1 away to St. Etienne but had the misfortune to have their key forward Ralf Edstrom unfit for the second leg at home. Edstrom hobbled around for the first half but then came off and of course, though players like Willy Van der Vuylen and the international brothers Van der Kerkhoff are no slouches, everything to do with PSV's attack revolves around the big Swede and the French champions, defending well,

Gerry Muhren of Holland.

ND FACE PROBLEMS

Johan Cruyff.

got away with a 0-0 draw and reached the final.

The position of Ajax appears to be the most precarious. Gerry Muhren, generally regarded as their best player since Johan Cruyff left them, finally decided to follow his one time team-mate to Spain and has signed for Valencia. In addition, Rinus Michels who might have produced another miracle for them given time, also shot off to Spain, going back to Barcelona for a second stint in the big money bracket and Arno Steffenhagen has been transferred to Hamburg SV where he joins another former Ajax star, the German-born *libero* Horst Blankenburg.

The club are said to be after the Borussia Monchengladbach striker Henning Jensen and their name has been linked with other big names too but it seems clear that on their limited gates they cannot now have a great deal of ready cash to spend unless chairman Jaap Van Praag puts up his own money.

With Michels gone, their new boss will be the Yugoslav Tomislav Ivic who with Hajduk Split won a cup and league double in 1975 and seems set to repeat the feat this year.

Retaining their leading scorer Ruud Geels they could do well with another top drawer player up front for Michels is no mug and during last season he engaged two young Danish forwards Frank Arnesen and Soren Lerby who have already established themselves as regular first teamers. If Ivic can bring out quickly what Michels saw in them and they sign someone of the calibre of Jensen, they could, with players like Piet Schrijvers in goal, Barry Hulshoff, Wim Suurbier and Ruud Krol become quite a force once more in Holland at least, if not in Europe. Even the big 'pot' might not prove beyond them if they click and Ivic does a good job.

Coaches

Ivic, following Michels, brings out one of the idiosincracies of Dutch thinking for while the rest of the world admires their players, the Dutch themselves don't seem to go too much on Dutch born coaches and managers.

At Ajax for example, Michels must have had outstanding qualities even before he became established for he followed Englishman Vic Buckingham, who in turn was preceded by former Manchester United centre forward Jack Rowley. When Michels left the first time it was Rumanian Stefan Kovacs who got the plum job and of course a Yugoslav follows him this time.

Feyenoord appear to have a similar attitude for when they first won the European Cup their boss was the former Austrian international stopper Ernst Happel and when he left the club wanted Kazimierz Gorski, Poland's national team boss. The Polish FA vetoed that but taking what looked like second best, they settled for Antoni Brzezanczyk, previously with Polonia Bytom but highly recommended.

He didn't seem very popular with the Feyenoord players and it seems clear that a majority of Dutch stars I have spoken to would prefer a Dutch boss but the clubs won't have them unless they have a superman who has already proved himself.

Unpopular

I remember Johan Cruyff telling me years ago how much he disliked a German manager who shall be nameless who had charge of the Dutch national squad for a spell. "He couldn't speak Dutch, or wouldn't," Cruyff told me, "he calls out 'SHOOT' in German when he thinks someone should shoot." Clearly, the Germans in particular are generally unpopular in Holland where the 1939-1945 war is still keenly remembered. To play with a German it seems is one thing, but to have a German boss is quite another.

The Feyenoord players would certainly like a Dutch coach. I know because several of them have told me how difficult it is having foreigners, one after another, who cannot communicate at all at first and even not very well after some months. It seems too that there is something unusual in the character of the Dutch players that makes them difficult for a foreigner to handle but the clubs persist in looking for imported coaches.

Feyenoord have engaged Yugoslav Vujadin Boskov for the new season — after two years with Den Haag — FC Twente have a foreigner too, Anton 'Spitz' Kohn from Luxembourg of all places and Englishmen seem to be popular too. Barrie Hughes, probably unknown as a coach in England, has led a string of Dutch clubs over the last few years and just recently both Dave Sexton (QPR) and Ron Greenwood (West Ham) turned down top jobs in Holland. Feyenoord's Rotterdam neighbours, Sparta have a long association with Englishmen, their last being former Fulham player Denis Neville who was their boss for some years and even led them into the European Cup.

Sparta thought they'd got a good Englishman just recently when they seemed all set to engage former Burnley boss Jimmy Adamson who finally turned the job down for family reasons.

FC Den Haag, of course, wanted a replacement for Boskov (off to Feyenoord) and not surprisingly wanted Czech national team manager Vaclav Jezek who did two years with them before his present job. Not unnaturally the Czech FA said 'Na' and Den Haag then turned their attention to the Spartak Trnava coach Anton Malatinsky who took his club to the Czech championship five times in six seasons between 1969 and 1973. Malatinsky had one spell abroad — in Austria with Admira (Vienna), but either Trnava or the Czech FA fouled that up for Den Haag and they are still looking.

Majority

Of course not all the Dutch clubs want foreign bosses, though maybe more would if they could afford them, for the fact is that for the majority of clubs they just cannot afford to pay a *prestigioso* foreigner the kind of money he would want.

PSV have a Dutch boss, former international inside forward who played as a professional in France, Kees Rijvers and with two consecutive titles (the cup and league double in 1976) they can hardly do better. Hans Kraay also had a brief spell looking after Ajax and Feyenoord for all their liking for foreign coaches have a Dutch general manager Guus Brox who has been with them for some years.

Nevertheless there has been talk amongst Dutch coaches about bringing pressure to bear on the FA and/or the government to outlaw foreign coaches and give some of them a chance with the top clubs.

by Paul Radford

English clubs 'rule' the UEFA Cup

LAST MONTH'S survey on the top hundred clubs' record in European competition showed Real Madrid way out in front without a rival in sight and Leeds United the top English side down in eleventh place.

It's beginning to seem inevitable that in statistical surveys of international performances at club or national level that England has to bow to the superiority of the West Germans, the Russians, the Italians or the Spaniards.

So let's have the good news for a change. In 21 seasons of European club competition — European Champions Cup, Cup Winners Cup and UEFA Cup (formerly the Inter Cities Fairs Cup) — English clubs have picked up more points than clubs from any other country.

In drawing up the table I have stuck to the principle that the importance of the European Champions Cup merits all points gained in that competition being counted double.

At the end of the last season, thanks to the efforts of Liverpool and West Ham, England got to the top of the table for the first time, just edging past Spain. Spain had, in fact, led on points since 1955-56, the first year of the European Cup.

The Spaniards, and to a lesser extent Italy as well, dominated European competition in the early years and carried off most of the available trophies. But Spanish clubs have been in decline in recent years and it's now ten years since Spain lifted a European trophy.

English supremacy began in the late 1960s and lasted for six or seven years, but although our clubs were winning the two minor cups fairly consistently, a large blot on the English record remains. Apart from Manchester United's success in 1968 the big one — the European Cup — has always eluded us.

Dominate

In the last three years West Germany has begun to dominate. Last season, for example, the Germans picked up 86 points while England were way back in second place with 44. The German overall record, incidentally, includes four points won in the 55-56 European Cup by Saarbrucken who were representing the Saar. I have generously given West Germany the points because the Saar is now part of that country and Saarbrucken will be playing in next season's Bundesliga.

Both West Germany and England have the advantage of four places in the UEFA Cup while most countries have only two. Even allowing for this England's record is still excellent, with our clubs having a better average of points per game in Europe than anyone else.

The Soviet Union, perhaps surprisingly, are not far behind England with an average of 1.27 compared with 1.30. The Russians lowly position in the overall points table is due to the comparatively late entry of Russian clubs into European competition.

The average table produces one or two other interesting facts, notably the favourable position of Wales who are placed higher than Yugoslavia, France, Bulgaria and Rumania. Welsh clubs only enter the Cup Winners Cup, but they do have a consistent record in this competition.

Points gained in European Club Competitions (including European Cup bonus)

1	England	948
2	Spain	941
3	Italy	823
4	West Germany	803
5	Scotland	582
6	Netherlands	523
7	Portugal	476
8	Yugoslavia	457
9	Hungary	424
10	Belgium	396
11	Czechoslovakia	385
12	France	329
13	East Germany	308
14	Poland	279
15	Bulgaria	244
16	Rumania	224
17	Austria	217
	Soviet Union	217
19	Switzerland	216
20	Sweden	188
21	Greece	161
22	Turkey	146
23	Denmark	140
24	Northern Ireland	67
25	Norway	65
26	Irish Republic	59
27	Wales	58
28	Luxembourg	44
29	Finland	36
30	Malta	35
31	Albania	23
32	Iceland	18
33	Cyprus	16

Average points per game in European Club Competitions

1	England	1.30
2	Soviet Union	1.27
3	Italy	1.228
4	West Germany	1.2264
5	Spain	1.2261
6	Netherlands	1.18
7	Scotland	1.14
8	Czechoslovakia	1.10
9	Hungary	1.09
10	Portugal	1.08
11	Poland	1.04
12	East Germany	1.02
13	Belgium	1.01
14	Wales	1.00
15	Yugoslavia	0.98
16	Bulgaria	0.95
17	Rumania	0.911
18	France	0.910
19	Greece	0.83
20	Sweden	0.791
21	Austria	0.786
22	Switzerland	0.71
23	Turkey	0.69
24	Albania	0.62
25	Denmark	0.60
26	Norway	0.50
27	Northern Ireland	0.49
28	Irish Republic	0.42
29	Finland	0.33
30	Malta	0.30
31	Luxembourg	0.27
32	Cyprus	0.190
33	Iceland	0.188

European Club Competition Champions

	European Cup	Cup Winners' Cup	Fairs Cup / UEFA Cup	Total
Spain	6 (4)	1 (3)	6 (3)	13 (10)
Italy	4 (5)	3 (2)	1 (2)	8 (9)
Netherlands	4 (1)		1 (1)	5 (2)
West Germany	3 (1)	2 (2)	1 (1)	6 (4)
Portugal	2 (3)	1		3 (3)
England	1 (1)	4 (3)	7 (6)	12 (10)
Scotland	1 (1)	1 (2)		2 (3)
Soviet Union		1 (1)		1 (1)
Belgium		1	(2)	1 (2)
Czechoslovakia		1		1
East Germany		1		1
Yugoslavia	(1)		1 (1)	1 (2)
Hungary		(2)	1 (2)	1 (4)
France	(3)			(3)
Greece	(1)			(1)
Poland		(1)		(1)

Figure in brackets represents number of times runners-up

OSIM GETS HIS CARDS

News from France by Andre Duclos

DO YOU remember Osim? Perhaps not. At all events, Osim will remember Norman Hunter just as the tall, elegant Yugoslav will long remember Valenciennes, that charming club which allowed him to discover in the local Press that he wasn't being retained for next season, his place going to the Polish midfielder, Bula. Osim it was who was so badly fouled by Norman Hunter in Florence during the 1968 European Cup semi-finals that he did not play again for months. True, an old injury was thus re-activated; but that was more or less the end of Osim as a valid international. He had previously been seen in Tokyo as an elegant centre-forward with the Yugoslav Olympic team but what a contrasting lot he has, by comparison with Dragan Dzajic, the man who scored the Yugoslav winner against England that day!

While Osim, in June, was getting his cards, Dzajic was still playing, and indeed scoring, for the Yugoslavian team in the European Championship, happy in the knowledge that he'd be welcomed back at Bastia; "a little club" as he says, but one that unquestionably suits him.

In the past, Osim has played good football in France, for Strasbourg among other clubs, and he was noble enough to play at full pressure despite being jettisoned in his concluding match at home to Nancy, which he helped Valenciennes win 2-0.

Superb achievement

Argentinians were our top League scorers; and a salute to the indestructable Carlos Bianchi who came back after that nastily fractured leg to top them all with no fewer than 34 goals for Reims, a superb achievement, two of them giving Reims a 3-2 victory over the Champions, Saint Etienne, in the very last game of the season. Second with 29 goals came the excellent Delio Onnis of Monaco, and third Curioni of Metz. The first Frenchman was Michel Platini who did so well with Nancy, France and the French Olympic team. Had it not been for his injury and operation, he would certainly have had more than those 22 goals, a fine achievement in themselves.

Odd that not a single Saint Etienne man scored more than the dozen claimed by 30 year old Hervé Revelli, who confounded all those who thought he moght be over the hill. Among others to distinguish themselves were the Nice goalkeeper Baratelli, perhaps the most consistently excellent player in the League, Daniel Jean-dupeux, the talented Swiss left winger with the strong right foot who did well for Bordeaux, and those two excellent Yugoslavs Karasi, inside-forward for Lille, and Josip Katalinski, who was a regular scorer as well as a splendid stopper for Nice, who chased Saint Etienne all the way home, eventually finishing a mere three points behind.

Marius Trésor was one of the outstanding defenders, and capped a fine season by receiving the Cup on behalf of Olympique Marseille. Either as sweeper, stopper or full-back, there are few defenders as resilient as this black player from Guadeloupe.

Carlos Bianchi, who keeps a close check evidently on his goals, has pointed out that his pair against Saint Etienne brought his total in France to 79, making a grand total of 200 in his career. There seem to be many more to come.

Another well known Argentinian, however, is on his way home. The former captain of the national team and of Independiente has been released after several fruitful years with Monaco, and has returned to Buenos Aires, where he is expected to find a First Division club. Monaco have been relegated, and that has depressed Pastoriza's free scoring compatriot, Delio Onnis; who can blame him when all those 29 goals weren't enough to keep Monaco up? He had never seriously thought about Monaco being relegated, he says, and now that they have been, doesn't relish playing in the Second Division.

Cheerful and optimistic

His contract runs for two more years, but by the time you read this it is not impossible that he will have been transferred to a First Division club. Not that I expect Monaco to stay down for long. Laval, who have come up to the First Division for the first time, are busy signing players; three at the time of writing. Incidentally, the release of Osim has been a bone of some contention at Valenciennes, where several directors strongly disagreed with the decision of the President — off his own bat — to let the tall Yugoslav go.

While all that excitement was taking place in the Nations Cup in Belgrade, who should be in hospital nereby recovering from an operation on his frontal thigh muscles than Jean-Marc Guillou, that splendid midfield player who had such a disappointing first season with Nice, after so many years with Angers. It was not Guillou's fault, as you may know. He was playing in pain from as long ago as last November, and finally he had to make a great effort to get himself through the international game this summer against Hungary in Budapest.

Having heard that there was a Yugoslav surgeon who specialised in the kind of operation that he needed, he took himself off there and had it. Now he is back again in France, cheerful and optimistic. Who knows how much better Nice might not have done had Guillou been available to them, in full efficiency, throughout the season? He is 30 now, but with the World Cup looming on us, let us hope he fully recovers his elegant form in the new season.

As for Nice, they intend to prepare for the new season with a fortnight in Switzerland. Do not forget that for a couple of vital matches they were without the mighty Katalinski, playing for Yugoslavia in the Nations Cup. And this on top of the absence of Jean-Marc Guillou.

Another player impeded by injury, the splendid Dominique Rocheteau (ah, if only he could have played the whole game against Bayern Munich in Glasgow!) has been given some small consolation by being awarded the prize for the best goal scored by Saint Etienne in Europe; that against Dynamo Kiev. Raymond Kopa was on the jury.

News from North America

TITLE RACE WIDE OPEN

WITH OVER half the season gone, the race for this year's North American Soccer League championship is wide open with the lead constantly changing hands in three of the four divisions. Only in the Southern Division has one team consistently held the lead but even there Los Angeles and more lately San Antonio and San Jose are showing signs of moving in on Dallas.

Dallas, with a new coach in Al Miller and a new general manager in Dick Berg, have been a hit both on and off the field, and they could well become the first team to win the NASL championship twice.

Formed in 1967 as part of the old United Soccer Association the Tornado stayed alive through the merger and a disastrous first NASL season in 1968 to win the championship in 1971. They reached the final again in 1973 but ironically were beaten on their own ground by a club coached by the same Al Miller who is now at the helm of the Texas club.

Miller, whose 1973 championship win over Dallas was achieved with the Philadelphia Atoms, could become the first coach in NASL history to win the championship twice. The fact that he is an American would only add spice to this.

Dick Berg, like Miller, also came to Dallas by way of another NASL club, in this case the San Jose Earthquakes. Berg, whose promotional ideas built the San Jose Club into one of the best supported in the league, is having the same effect in Dallas, where attendances had dwindled in recent years. Playing in Ownby Stadium with a capacity of just under 20,000 rather than in the cavernous Cotton Bowl, attendances at home games this season have set a new record with an average of 13,012 and a top of 17,387.

Dallas are a team without stars, but they have one of the leagues most consistant goalkeepers in Ken Cooper, an outstanding young American defender in Neil Cohen, experience in Dick Hall, Roy Turner and Bobby Moffat, who survive from the 1971 championship team, and Jim Ryan the former Manchester United striker who has been among the leagues leading scorers all season.

However, hot on the heels of the Tornado after an inconsistant start are the Los Angeles Aztecs led by George Best. This season Best has displayed the talent that has always been his despite carrying a little more weight than in his heyday with Manchester United. Often too he has suffered from the fact that the players around him haven't always been able to play with him and opposing defenders have, as in the past, tried to stop him any way they can. Still George currently leads the league in total points with nine goals and three assists and his ability would certainly be an asset to a good many clubs in Britain.

San Antonio, too, are beginning to make a move. They have a first class goalkeeper in Scotland international Bobby Clark, Bobby Moore and Bob McNab lending experience in front of him and former Celtic striker Harry Hood up front along with the young American international Dan Counce, who scored three goals against Vancouver recently.

by Colin Jose

Up in the Northern Division Toronto and Chicago are battling it out both on and off the field, but unlike Dallas their off the field problems concern the lack of support. It is true that Chicago did have 26,000 on hand for the visit of Pele, Chinaglia and the New York Cosmos but their season average like Toronto's is below the 5,000 mark.

Toronto's main asset all year has been an iron clad defence in which goalkeeper Paolo Cimpiel has only conceded eight goals in 13 league games. But on the other hand Toronto despite playing a highly attractive brand of soccer and spending most of the game on attack have been held scoreless in their last four games. Penalty kick tie breakers have won two of these games for them, but against Philadelphia they suffered their first home defeat of the season 1-0 despite an almost total domination of the play.

If Toronto could sort out their scoring problems it is possible for them to go all the way to the final, but as it is they appear to be suffering from a failure to employ orthodox wingers able to turn the corner of the defence. The constant overlapping of full backs Damir Sutevski and Robert Iarusci while contributing some pleasing football to the eye has not produced the required results except where the backs have been able to take the ball to the goal line before crossing it.

On the topic of Iarusci, this young Canadian player who stands 6ft and weighs 170lbs has been having an outstanding season in this his first year in the league. Born in Toronto, of Italian parents, he is already attracting the scouts from three Italian clubs and in a recent exhibition game against Roma more than held his own against Francisco Rocca the Italian international.

Iarusci has been playing with a poise and confidence not often found in young Canadian players and if he is not snapped up by an Italian club should be a certainty for Canada's World Cup games in the fall.

In the meantime ownership of the Toronto club could change hands at any time with one of the largest breweries in Canada making an offer for the club. Carling-O'Keefe Ltd is the brewery in question and ironically one of their executives is Graham Leggat the one time Scottish international who coached the Toronto team before they merged with Toronto Croatia to become the Metros-Croatia. It is expected that if Carling-O'Keefe do buy the club the Croatia part of the name would be dropped.

Chicago, unlike Toronto, have been scoring goals and this might yet prove to be the decisive factor in the battle between the two clubs. Four goals against the New York Cosmos recently underlined this and Bill Foulkes men with Steve Peplow and young American Miro Rys played well in attack must be rated as having a chance of reaching the final if they can win their division.

Still Boston cannot be ruled out in the Northern Division and after a slow start have been creeping up on the top two of late with the Notts Forest player Bert Bowery now among the leagues leading goalscorers.

In the Eastern Division the New York Cosmos have not achieved the domination one might have expected from a team with their talent. They were hammered 5-1 in a national televised

● Continued on page 48

Huracan remain unbeaten

HURACAN MAKE the headlines again because they finished the Argentine Metropolitan First Division (qualifying) Championship unbeaten in 22 games, winning 15 and drawing seven with the best goals record for and against (47-20) and having made sure of a place in the 12-team final round with five games to go . . . and apart from everything else, they also played by far the best soccer in a tournament in which the standard was mostly low.

Not that they didn't have their narrow and unexpected escapes against lowly teams to remain unbeaten, but these came after they had already qualified for the final round and when they even allowed their top players — internationals Brindisi, Carrascosa, Ardiles, Baley, Houseman — to miss three matches to play exhibition games for a "Rest of the World" team in Brazil. Earlier on Huracan had to give up four players to the national team.

But one unique match does need mentioning against modest San Telmo who had no less than six players sent off — five of them for holding up play. Yet San Telmo attacked more even when down to nine men and "mighty" Huracan's winner came only in the last minute. Argument still rages whether San Telmo should have been allowed to carry on playing with five men.

Although the final day was reached with five vital matches and three final round places still undecided, there was none of the usual excitement as the teams fighting to get in didn't get close and the only talking point was a penalty awarded to Newell's Old Boys — which, the press said, existed only in the referee's imagination — with which they gained the point they needed against Temperley. Thus Velez Sarsfield, who earlier lost a point for playing a suspended player, just failed to make the final round and another big club surprisingly left in the relegation playoff (into which all non-finalists went) were Racing in spite of scoring freely but letting through almost more than any other team.

An average of 2.9 goals per game were scored in this first part of the championship with Rosario Central's Mario Kempes scoring most (14), followed by Marchetti (Union) 13, Gonzalez (Banfield) and Palacios (Newell's OB) 12, Astegiano (Independiente) and Passarella (River Plate) 11.

Independiente's Pavoni, the former Uruguayan international, scored his 57th career goal in the next to last game and holds the record for the defender to have scored most goals in Argentine soccer. (It was previously held by San Lorenzo's Albrecht with 55). But River Plate's international, Passarella, may beat that in the not too distant future. He is the champions' leading scorer this season with 11 goals — from penalties, free kicks and headers following corners.

Gimnasia y Esgrima de La Plata, the season's surprise small club, topped section B until the last match when a 1-0 defeat against newly promoted Quilmes (another of the season's surprises) let River Plate go top. But Gimnasia had fallen away badly in the final month — money problems with the players may have had something to do with it — picking up only two points from their last five matches.

● **URUGUAYAN champions Peñarol, with their eyes on the Libertadores Cup, surprisingly lost 3-1 to modest Huracan Buceo three days before their important cup match against Argentina's River Plate and dropped down to third place — two points behind leaders Defensores — and now, with six matches to go, are making heavy weather of a championship which seemed to be going all in their favour.**

Peñarol's apparent lapse has a lot to do with centre forward Morena's loss of form. The World Cup star's goals and play have had a lot to do with Peñarol's recent successes, as a result of which he earns far more than any other player in Uruguay — some 3,000 dollars plus bonuses, but there are rumours he does not get on well with Peñarol coach Juan Schiaffino, another former World Cup star who wants versatile players able to play in various positions — and Morena doesn't like being moved around.

Modest Defensor top of the table with simple soccer, tight zone marking and sharp counter attacking, with continual rhythm but no stars.

● **BRAZIL'S Vasco de Gama won the Guanabara Cup, the first round of the Carioca Championship, after an exciting playoff against Flamengo which was decided by post match penalties (5-4) after extra time had failed to break the 1-1 deadlock.**

Roberto had put Vasco ahead from a penalty after eight minutes, Geraldo equalising 23 minutes after half time. The two clubs had finished as joint leaders with 24 points from 14 matches. Other league soccer had been suspended in Brazil during the national team's games in the US Bicentennial Cup and Mexico.

● **COLOMBIA'S vice-champions, Bogota Millionarios spurted to the top of the table from halfway down with five victories in a row during the past month apart from playing in an international tournament in Venezuela.**

With six matches to go in the first of Colombia's two championships, Millionarios are joint leaders with Baranquilla Junior and have a match in hand. But only 10 points separate top and bottom of the 14 teams.

● **CHILE'S champions Union Española and vice-champions Palestino are the only unbeaten teams after 11 matches, but presently it is the latter who lead the table by a point from Green Cross with only three draws to third-placed Union Española's five.**

Sammy Chung, the new manager of Wolverhampton Wanderers.

CHUNG READY

Story by Brian Marshall

SAMMY CHUNG, Wolves' new manager, is already well respected at Molineux and the first impact he is likely to make on the soccer world is his articulate approach to the inevitable problems which will arise over the next few months.

Chung, a dedicated trainer coach, who has worked well in the past with Bill McGarry is a man with his own ideas as he has often demonstrated.

With a free reign at Molineux this facet of his approach to soccer should quickly become apparent.

Chung, the son of a Chinaman who came to this country as an interpreter liked the people and eventually married an Oxfordshire girl, feels that the early weeks of his appointment are going to be vital.

Currently they are on a tour of Sweden and return for their opening match against Burnley at Molineux. By this time Chung hopes to have worked out his policy away from the demanding way of life which currently exists at Molineux where the changes over the past few months are still not finished.

Having been Bill McGarry's assistant for the last eight years at Molineux, Chung appreciates the problems that exist within the team. Obviously there is a need for new blood but men like Mike Bailey and Frank Munro will have a big contribution to make if Wolves are to return to the top flight at the first time of asking.

Chung, a surprise choice in the eyes of many people who thought that there was a need for a complete change, nevertheless welcomes the opportunity to take control. It has been his ambition for a very long time but he never expected it to come under such circumstances.

As a player he did not have much luck. He began as a prolific scorer with Headington United, (now Oxford United) and had spells with Reading, Norwich and Watford only to be forced out of the game after breaking his right leg three times.

But he has never been downhearted and has always had a friendly, helpful nature. Unbeknown to a lot of people he has helped many groups and admits that one of his pleasures is going out to schools to coach.

Chung says that he hopes to continue with this sort of work but obviously it will be restricted in view of his added responsibilities.

It is this sort of approach which has impressed Wolves' directors and in particular the club's new chairman, Harry Marshall, who was responsible for the ousting of Bill McGurry and the old chairman, John Ireland, who is now the president of the Staffordshire club.

He feels that there is an immediate need to find a good blend. This was the main problem with Wolves last season. Try as he would manager McGarry could not really settle on his best line-up.

He banked heavily upon Steve Kindon linking up with John Richards. At times it appeared as if this move would work out but Kindon is an unpredictable character who drifts in and out of a game. Richards, despite a knee problem, still scored a lot of goals but his efforts were not sufficient to keep the club in the first division.

So Chung faces the daunting task of rebuilding. Bill McGarry says he has left Wolves with a very healthy balance sheet so there should be no problem in this department.

Wolves, however, need to put themselves ahead of the times because it seems that the 70's passed them by as other clubs dominated the game at the expense of the Molineux men.

So Chung, who is 40, needs to find this successful blend which can only be achieved by some hard work by everyone concerned. He says: "I always think the hard grafters are essential to any side. They are the bread and butter players who make just as much contribution to a side as to the more skilful members of the team.

"Frankly, I do not think you could have a successful team of highly skilled players.

"They would all want to keep the ball to themselves all the time and this would not produce a winning side.

"Teams like Arsenal, when they achieved the double, Leeds United and that great Spurs side had the right mixture. A team needs graft and flair to succeed and this is what I am hoping to find for Wolves.

"The hardest job I found as a coach was to get the players to feel super when they went out to play. It was not always easy. They had pressures particularly last season. But that is now all behind us. Tomorrow is another day and this is the only way to look at the prospects.

"But I have got to stress that this is a team job. This means that we must have the support of the fans. It is no use knocking the team because this only upsets the confidence of the players and we all know what happened last season."

Now that he has taken over as manager Chung is fully aware that he is gong to face numerous problems as he sets Wolves on the road back to the First Division.

Sammy Chung, a confident, well spoken man, accepts the challenge as the golden opportunity of his career which, until now, had been spent in the background waiting and hoping for the break which came when Wolves board invited him to become manager of one of the most famous clubs in the land.

What a victory ...for Napoli!

News from Italy

MANAGERLESS NAPOLI won the Italian Cup, but what a victory. The final was played on a Tuesday evening, there were just 20,000 spectators in Rome's Stadio Olimpico, and their opponents were Verona, who are hardly one of the Calcio's glamour teams.

The final score was 4-0, which sounds like an entertaining game. Wrong again. All the goals came in the last 14 minutes.

But this triumph wasn't something to be sniffed at, really, I suppose. After all, Napoli won despite the fact that outgoing boss Luis Vinicio signed to take over Lazio the same day, and also despite growing rumours that the transfer of Beppe Savoldi to Juventus was becoming more likely.

Not that Napoli had expected to be meeting Verona in the final at all. Napoli came through a semi-final group composed of holders Fiorentina, Milan, and Sampdoria, but Verona had never looked likely to surprise their rivals, Internazionale, Lazio and Genoa.

Until, that is, the last group matches. And while Napoli got their vital point, drawing 2-2 away to Sampdoria, Verona surprisingly upset Inter 2-0.

The result didn't please Inter's fans, who attacked the team bus afterwards. They didn't appreciate making the journey to Verona and then finding their team lining up without Roberto Boninsegna, Adriano Fedele, Mario Giubertoni, Graziano Bini and Gabriele Oriali.

Brazen

Altogether the game drew a 30,000 crowd, and they saw Verona do most of the attacking, tactics which were rewarded after 26 minutes when Roberto Galbiati put an own goal past Ivano Bordon.

Inter stayed on the defensive, waiting for a chance to break away, and Verona became ever more brazen. On the hour coach Ferruccio Valcareggi took off defender Paolo Sirena — once an Inter player — and put on Emiliano Macchi, a striker.

With eight minutes to go and the score still 1-0, Pier Luigi Busatta was sent off for a bad foul on Inter substitute Roselli. But still Inter couldn't force their way back into the game and it was Macchi who scored the game's second goal to see Verona into the final.

Verona had never won the Cup and indeed, Napoli had won it only once, in 1962.

Teams:
Napoli: Carmignani; Bruscolotti, Burgnich, Vavassori, La Palma; Juliano, Esposito, Orlandini; Massa, Savoldi, Braglia.
Verona: Ginulfi; Bachlechner, Catellani, Nanni, Sirena; Guidolin (Vriz 77), Franzot, Mascetti, Moro; Luppi (Macchi 67), Zigoni.

There was little atmosphere and few chances to excite the fans, though Gianfranco Zigoni in the first half and Biorgio Braglia in the second did hit the bar.

Zigoni has been around ages. Juventus were hoping he'd prove the new John Charles about 15 years ago and since then he'd given of his best for Genoa, Juventus again and Roma before joining Verona five years back.

But even his experience wasn't enough to bring them through — though it did take a freak goal for Napoli to open the scoring. Salvatore Esposito took a corner out on the left, and, with goalkeeper Alberto Ginulfi impeded by his own defenders, the ball curled into the net.

by Keir Radnedge

Two minutes later Braglia went away on his own and beat Ginulfi with the help of Franco Nanni's inadvertent boot. Three minutes later, in the 81st, old stager Tarcisio Burnich — one of five ex-Inter players on the field — wandered forward, Ginulfi couldn't hold his shot, and Savoldi did the rest.

The world's costliest footballer also scored the fourth, created by Guiseppe Massa.

It all seemed to emphasise what Vinicio had said when the possibility of letting Savoldi go after only one season had first been suggested by president Corrado Ferlaino.

The Brazilian replied that though it was necessary to strengthen the team, letting your most potent striker go was not the way to do it. The addition of a couple of defenders would be much more sensible, rather than messing around with the attack.

Anyway Vinicio now seems to have stepped out of the frying pan into the fire. Lazio remain in the first division despite the 'bribes' case involving three Cesena players. But they have been ordered to pay a £12,000 fine and general manager Bob Lovati has been banned for a year.

It seemed at one stage that Tomasso Maestrelli, the manager who welded together the 1974 championship side, was also on his way. Instead he stays on as general manager, though it's doubtful if he'll be able to exercise any control over the single-minded Vinicio.

The Brazilian had, in fact, already left Napoli before the Cup Final. Yet while his deputy, Alberto Delfrati, was seeing Napoli through, Vinicio was turning on his old club.

"It's been an open secret for months that Bruno Pesaola was coming back from Bologna for my job," he said. "But why couldn't someone have had the decency to tell me properly?"

Among the spectators at the Cup Final were two more men who could shortly find themselves changing jobs — Fulvio Bernardini and Enzo Bearzot, the national team supremos.

Now that Artemio Franchi has at long last relinquished the presidency of the FA to concentrate on UEFA (and FIFA?), Bernardini and Bearzot could be on the way — particularly after the United States debacle. The 4-2 win over Rumania which followed couldn't hide the problems.

The only possibility of their staying could be the FA's difficulty finding anyone to take over. Already all the main candidates of a year or so back have settled in with their clubs. It's hard to imagine Gigi Radice (Torino), Giovanni Trapattoni (new at Juventus) or Gustavo Giagnoni (new at Bologna) wanting to take it on when all anyone sees on the horizon is a double defeat by England and elimination from the World Cup.

One of the nastiest shocks of the bicentennial tournament was the way Giacinto Facchetti lost his head in the closing minutes of the 3-2 defeat by England.

Back in Italy he said: "Five matches in 16 days, with some very long journeys in between just wore me down, particularly when I knew I'd get no rest before the Italian Cup matches. I'd just had too much."

Someone pointed out that in Inter's great days under Helenio Herrera, the pressure was pretty tough.

"Yes," replied Facchetti, "but then we knew where we were going."

The inference is that both the *Azzurri* and Inter have little idea about picking

★ Continued on page 49

LESLIE VERNON visits Zurich

Small pieces tube and a

ACCORDING TO an often quoted aforism, Switzerland's sole contribution to the cultural development of Europe has been the invention of the cuckoo clock. I am not sure whether a certain Mr. Orson Welles actually wrote this thinly disguised insult, or merely uttered it as a character in that overpraised film "The Third Man".

The Swiss — if they would care to enter into a futile argument — could point out that Mr Welles's own contribution has been even less spectacular — films which reputedly flopped at the box-office, and were too obscure to gain critical acclaim.

I for one always enjoy visiting Switzerland. A beautiful country, spotlessly clean, civilised and tranquil in stark contrast to overcrowded, restless London. The Swiss attitude to sport, and professional sport in particular, shows a remarkable sense of proportion. While they remain competitive, they don't regard winning as of paramount importance.

Their footballers, although professionals, also have "civilian" jobs, do their Army service, and are allowed — no compelled — to live like ordinary citizens. No "unbearable pressures", no one is as sick as a parrot when they lose or "over the moon" on the rare occasions when they win.

It is a scene in which, admittedly, "second-raters" enjoy their sport as a form of physical recreation, which also might entertain a smallish proportion of the population. No flag waving before World Cups or Olympic Games, no insulting propaganda against opposing teams in order to condition the public — no national anthem is ever ridiculed in a Swiss stadium. If this philosophy shows lack of passion, ambition, business acumen, it still seems a healthier attitude to me than the over-commercialised approach of other parts of the West and the fanatical nationalism of the East.

As this is July, the silly season when football takes a short break before it becomes frantically active again, I decided to witness the draw for the first round of the European competitions in person. I have never before attended one of these rituals which habitually take place in the sumptuous Atlantis Hotel on the outskirts of Zurich. (Hence the preamble about Switzerland. After all, our most popular sport on international level is administered by the Swiss — the UEFA offices are in Berne, and the FIFA HQ is situated on top of a particularly picturesque hill in Zurich).

My plane touched down only 30 minutes before the appointed hour of the draw so I took a taxi to the hotel. A seventeen minutes' cab ride came to 42 francs, which is roughly nine pounds! That was my first shock — the second came shortly afterwards, when the morose receptionist informed me that a room with breakfast costs a mere 30 quid per night, although of course the sauna, the swimming pool, etc., are free.

A glass of refreshing beer on the other hand wasn't free — cost £1.50! I am not putting down these intimate details in order to initiate a collection for my expenses amongst sympathetic readers, but merely to illustrate the astronomical prices that confront a visitor to that rich little country.

Yet, the room where the draw took place was very crowded, almost every team was represented, not only by a director or a manager, but by delegations. (One English club even brought along the chairman of their supporters' club!) The top table was occupied by the hierarchy of the UEFA, who with the help of the paid staff of the Organisation, conducted the draw amazingly quickly and efficiently.

Cries of joy, anguish or excitement

For those of you who are interested in technical details, the names of the clubs are printed on small pieces of paper, which are in turn put into tubelike plastic containers. These are placed in a champagne bucket, shuffled from time to time, and then opened by President Franchi himself, or by one of the Vice-Presidents.

When a particularly intriguing pairing is announced, there are cries of joy, anguish or merely excitement from the assembly. There is no need to write anything down (although we all did, just to show that we were actually there), because practically minutes after the ceremony, printed sheets are available.

As I said, it is all extremely efficient, very Swiss, and my only quarrel with it was the inclusion of Lierse in the Cup Winners' Cup. The beaten Belgian finalists were allowed to enter on the tenuous pretext that Belgian Cup Winners Anderlecht have already qualified as holders. Cardiff secretary Lance Heywood and his chairman didn't fully appreciate this fine point, as they now have to play a preliminary round tie v Servette.

'Where is Sochaux?' he asks

Immediately after the draw, the journalists and radio interviewers endeavoured to get quotes from their own country's representatives and that of the opposition. So in one corner of the large conference room, Tommy Docherty was harangued by the Dutch contingent, and he told them that Ajax are a good team, but not unbeatable.

The same unoriginal scene and words were repeated in a few dozen different places and languages. The Dundalk chairman was the happiest man in the room. He said to me: "We have got a marvellous draw. Against PSV Eindhoven — at home first. We are a small club, and our only chance to make money is to play at home and then get knocked out. The PSV chairman has already offered me his private plane to fly me to Eindhoven tonight. A private plane! In Dundalk sometimes we are hard put to find a private WC!"

Tommy Younger, twice the size as when he was keeping goal for Scotland, is now the coach of Hibernian, and is searching for someone from Sochaux. "Where is

for the European competitions draw

of paper, a plastic champagne bucket

The FIFA headquarters in Zurich.

Sochaux?" he asks. He means geographically and on the French Division One table. Suddenly, foreign teams become important to people, their strengths and weaknesses, key players, style of football — just because two particular plastic tubes came out of the ice-bucket at the same time.

It is all very amusing, entertaining, but nothing more than a game played by people to justify their expense accounts. Due to language barriers, lack of time and even space, the contact between future opponents is cursory and often non-existent.

Despite the labels pinned on lapels, it is difficult to find anyone in the confusion. "Where is Videoton?" asks a large Turk in broken English. "In Szekesfehervar, 100 kms from Budapest," I answer. He shakes my hand smiling broadly — now he knows how to get Fenerbahce into the second round of the UEFA Cup. "Have you seen CSKA Sofia?" is the next query, which comes from Jaques Ferran, the French sportswriter. He doesn't mean the team, but a grey-suited Bulgarian, who was last seen downing double vodkas at the downstairs bar.

It is all great stuff — but was their journey really necessary? We are talking about a sport which is habitually on the verge of bankruptcy. Not only in England, but in practically every country in Europe, where attendances fall and costs rise. OK, the boys do deserve some perks, but won't these very same managers travel again and again to spy on their future adversaries? The day is near when a club will say — we do not want to qualify for Europe — we can't afford the draw!

It is unlikely that I will attend this function again. Unless, of course, "Spotted Dog United" (my local pub team) will be drawn against PSV in the next round, and chairman Groeneveld lets me have his plane . . .

After the noise died down, the UEFA treated us all to a most excellent dinner with unlimited liquid supplies on the balcony of the hotel overlooking Zurich — compared with that menu and venue, your average London Press conference resembles a soup kitchen on a bomb site.

I know that the UEFA get a lot of stick in the Press. It is always easy to criticise decision-makers, especially so when one is not fully aware of power struggles, diplomatic deals, the give and take which go on behind the scenes.

Take the recent judgement, for instance, which banished Wales from the next European Championship. The English Press accepted the verdict which in my view, was blatantly unfair. I was at Cardiff on May 22, and the so-called riot was no more than a stupid demonstration against a very, very bad referee. Rudi Glocckner, on that particular afternoon, was an unmitigated disaster, who picked a fight with the crowd, but let a great deal of thuggery on the pitch go unpunished.

Yet, the Disciplinary Committee punished the Welsh FA and the players, who were innocent, according to the referee himself. A fine, or the closing of Ninian Park would have been quite sufficient — so that the future generation of Welsh footballers could have played at Swansea or Wrexham.

Only the future is at stake!

Yet, the employees of the UEFA are patently well-intentioned. Hans Bangerter, a likeable, hard-working man, works in the interest of football at all times, is helpful and co-operative.

Credit must be given to him, to Press Secretary Rudolf Rothenbuhler and their staff, for the running and organisation of club competitions, the European Championships and the UEFA Youth Tournament. Apropos the latter, the draw for the 1976/77 version took place the next day at the same place. Apart from the Committee, myself, and a reporter from Reuters, no one was present. I understand that the papers here didn't even print the news that England will once again face Wales for qualification. Ah, well, with the youngsters, only the future of the game is at stake . . .

EUROPEA

Compiled

Goals per game	Country	Matches	Champions No. of titles	Points	Most wins	Fewest defeats	Best attack
2.75	Austria	36	Austria/WAC 12	52	Austria/WAC 21	Austria/WAC 5	Austria/ 77
2.71	Belgium	36	FC Bruges 3	52	Bruges 22	Bruges 6	Bruges 81
2.40	Bulgaria	30	CSKA Sofia 19	43	CSKA 17	CSKA 4	CSKA 61
2.53	Czechoslovakia	30	Banik Ostrava 1	37	Slavia 16	Banik 7	Lok. Kos 55
2.66	England	42	Liverpool 9	60	QPR 24	Liverpool 5	Derby C 75
3.00	France	38	St Etienne 9	57*	Marseille 20	St Etienne 5	St Etienn Reims 6
3.15	East Germany	26	Dynamo Dresden 4	43	Dresden 19	Dresden 2	Dresden 70
3.29	West Germany	34	Borussia Moenchengladbach 4	45	Hamburg 17	Bor. Moen. 5	Eint. Fra 79
2.30	Greece	30	PAOK Salonika 1	49	PAOK 21	PAOK 2	PAOK 60
3.01	Hungary	30	Ferencvaros 22	46	Ferencvaros 20	Ferencvaros Videoton 4	Ujpest 79
2.25	Italy	30	Torino 8	45	Juventus, Torino 18	Torino 3	Torino 49
2.94	Luxembourg	22	Jeunesse D'Esch 15	34	Jeunesse 14	Jeunesse 2	Jeunesse 50
2.83	Netherlands	34	PSV Eindhoven 6	53	PSV 24	PSV, Ajax, Feyenoord 5	PSV 89
2.32	Poland	30	Stal Mielec 2	38	GKS Tychy, Wisla 15	Stal Mielec Ruch 5	Pogon 46
2.82	Portugal	30	Benfica 22	50	Benfica 23	Benfica, Boavista 3	Benfica 94
2.61	Rumania	34	Steaua Bucharest 8	51	Steaua 21	Steaua 4	Steaua 79
¶	Scotland	36	Rangers 36	54	Rangers 23	Rangers 5	Celtic 71
2.49	Spain	34	Real Madrid 17	48	Real 20	Real 6	Barcelon 61
3.08	Switzerland	26	Zurich 8	44	Zurich 19	Zurich 1	Zurich 69
1.98	Turkey	30	Trabzonspor 1	43	Trabzonspor 17	Trabzonspor Fenerbahce 4	Fenerbal 40
2.26	USSR	30	Dynamo Kiev 7	43	Kiev 17	Kiev 4	Kiev 53
¶	Yugoslavia	34	Partizan Belgrade 7	50	Partizan 22	Hajduk Split 4	Partizan 60

* including six bonus points

¶ Three matches to be played

N HONOURS

by JACK ROLLIN

	Best defence	Top scorer	Goals	Cup Final result
WAC	Austria/WAC 29	Pirkner Austria/WAC)	21	SW Innsbruck - Rapid 2-1, 0-1. Rapid won on away goal
	RWD Molenbeek 30	Posthumus (Lierse)	26	Anderlecht 4 Lierse 0
	Akademik 25	Petkov (Beroe)	19	Levski Spartak 4 CSKA 3 a.e.t.
ice	Slovan 25	Gallis (VSS Kosice)	21	Sparta Prague - Slovan Bratislava 1-0, 3-2
ounty	Liverpool 31	MacDougall (Norwich City)	23	Southampton 1 Manchester United 0
e 8	St Etienne 39	Bianchi (Reims)	34	Olympique Marseille 2 Lyon 0
	Dresden 23	Kreische (Dyn. Dresden)	24	Lokomotive Leipzig 3 Vorwaerts Frankfurt 0
nk.	Hamburg 32	Fischer (Schalke 04)	29	Hamburg 2 Kaiserslautern 0
	PAOK 17	Dedes (AEK Athens)	15	Iraklis 4 Olympiakos 4. Iraklis won 6-5 on penalties
	Videoton 26	Fazekas (Ujpest)	19	Ferencvaros 1 MTK/VM 0
	Torino 22	Pulici (Torino)	21	Napoli 4 Verona 0
	Rumelingen 21	Pissinger (Aris) Muller (Red Boys)	20	Jeunesse D'Esch 2 Aris 1
	PSV 27	Geels (Ajax)	29	PSV Eindhoven 1 Roda JC 0 a.e.t.
	Wisla 19	Kmiecik (Wisla)	20	Slask Wroclaw 2 Stal Mielec 0
	Benfica 20	Jordao (Benfica)	30	Boavista 2 Vitoria Guimaraes 1
	Steaua 33	Georgescu (Dynamo Buch.)	31	Steaua 1 CSU Galati 0
	Rangers 24	Dalglish (Celtic)	24	Rangers 3 Heart of Midlothian 1
a	Real 26	Quini (Gijon)	21	Atletico Madrid 1 Real Zaragoza 0
	Servette 14	Risi (Zurich)	33	Zurich 1 Servette 0
nce	Trabzonspor 14	Cemil (Fenerbahce)	18	Galatasaray - Trabzonspor 0-1, 1-0. Galatasaray won 5-4 on penalties a.e.t.
	Schachtjor, Dyn. Moscow 23	Blokhin (Dyn. Kiev)	18	Ararat Erevan 2 Sarja Voroschilovgrad 1
	Hajduk 22	Bjekovic (Partizan)	24	Hadjuk Split 1 Dynamo Zagreb 0

N.B. Leading goalscorer in Europe: Kaiafas (Omonia Nicosia, Cyprus) 39

WORLD SOCCER DIARY — WORLD SOCCER DIARY

PROLIFIC SCORERS IN BOTH GERMANYS

THE NEW West German Bundesliga season begins for First Division clubs on August 14. Among the fixtures are Borussia Moenchengladbach playing hosts as the champions to MSV Duisberg; Bayern Munich, triple European Cup winners, also at home to Fortuna Dusseldorf and runners up Hamburg receiving newly promoted Borussia Dortmund, themselves winners of the Cup Winners Cup only ten years ago when they defeated Liverpool 2-1 at Hampden Park.

Another interesting point to remember about German football is that both sides of the Berlin Wall provide the most prolific scoring divisions in Europe. In West Germany the average number of goals scored per match was 3.29 easily the best on the Continent and East Germany provided the next best figure at 3.15.

★

DISAPPOINTMENT AT failing to win the Austrian Bundesliga has been compensated for SW Innsbruck by their annexation of Europe's oldest cup competition for club sides, the Mitropa Cup.

In the final Innsbruck defeated Velez Mostar of Yugoslavia 3-1 in both legs. The competition dates back to 1927 when Sparta Prague were the winners.

Talking of Austria, two West German internationals Berti Vogts and Jupp Heynckes have been spending some time coaching Austrian schoolboys at Linz and Vorarlberg.

★

IRAN DULY won the Asian Cup in impressive fashion beating Iraq, Yemen, China and Kuwait in the final 1-0. They did not concede a goal in any of their matches, either.

The final stages of the competition held in Teheran and Tabris also attracted huge attendances. Crowds of 60,000 and 70,000 watched the matches in which Iran participated and all told the tournament produced an aggregate of 250,000 spectators.

Still just wait until Jimmy Hill's Saudi Arabians get hold of them . . .

★

THE 1.FC Saarbrucken, newly promoted to the West German Bundesliga First Division have been strengthening their side and hope to sign no fewer than five Bayern Munich reserve players!

They are also hoping to scoop the pool by adding the talented services of Andrzej Szarmach the Polish World Cup centre-forward currently playing in the Olympic side.

Szarmach of Gornik Zabrze would indeed be an outstanding capture and could mean the difference between staying in the top Bundesliga or a quick return to the lower grade.

★

TWO BELGIANS likely to be on the move in the close season are Nico Dewalque and Wilfred Van Moer of Standard Liege.

Centre-back Dewalque is on his way to join local rivals FC Liege while Van Moer is moving to Beringen.

★

AUSTRIA'S SECOND DIVISION provided First Vienna with a runaway success as they finished seven points clear of runners-up Weiner Neustadt. Both teams will be promoted to the Bundesliga next season.

Wiener Sportklub finished third in the table, SC Eisenstadt were fourth and the other better known side from former First Division days Alpine Donawitz were ninth in the 16 team division.

TARCISIO BURGNICH the 37 year old veteran Italian defender ended last season having completed 470 League matches in his career.

This puts him way ahead of any of the contemporary players in the country and lists him third overall in the ranks of Italy's long-serving fraternity. Only Piola with 566 and Ferraris with 504 have made more appearances in Italian history.

And Burgnich's nearest rival Jose Altafini (37) who completed his 459th League game at the season's end is off to Switzerland next season to play for Chiasso.

The Swiss club are also hoping to sign another Italian striker Renato Cappellini (32) who was inter-Milan's centre-forward when they were beaten 2-1 by Celtic in the 1967 European Cup Final.

★

THE END of one of the most satisfactory seasons in French football history was slightly spoiled by St. Etienne's gallant attempt to wrest the European Cup from Bayern Munich. Of course the effort just failed.

But there are encouraging signs. A useful young team competed in the Olympic Games in Canada and hopes for the national team in the next World Cup are eagerly anticipated.

True attendances were slightly down in the First Division over the previous season but the drop was slight enough from 4,165,121 to 3,999,511. St. Etienne attracted the biggest crowds and their 19 home matches were watched by 369,908 spectators.

★

EACH SUMMER now for the past decade and a half the Continent has been the scene of what can only be described as the 'Ghost Cup'.

Called the international Cup it is run solely for the benefit of summer pools.

In its early years it provided a winner but this practice has long since ended and now the group winners are left with their own small achievement without further opportunity for glory.

Not that the competition is a farce. Far from it in fact. Crowds of 5,000 can scarcely be ignored as any form of income is of value.

This year there are 44 entries split into 11 groups and once again they come from a variety of countries and possess several leading sides.

Switzerland, Sweden, Austria, West Germany, Belgium, Denmark, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Portugal, Poland and Yugoslavia are represented but perhaps the most interesting competitors this year are two Israeli clubs Hapoel Beer-Sheva and Beitar Jerusalem.

The quality of entrant is illustrated by the presence of Champions like Zurich, Austria/WAC, Banik Ostrava, Koge and Malmo.

★

THE BRAZILIAN OLYMPIC team which created a fine impression in finishing third in the Paris Tournament behind the winners Fluminense and a strong international team drawn from European countries, completed their pre-Games build up by friendlies in Czechoslovakia and Poland.

In the former country they lost 1-0 to the newly crowned champions Banik Ostrava while in the latter they were beaten 3-0 by a Polish eleven. By an odd coincidence the Poles fielded their own national side which is doing duty as their Olympic team, too.

Shamamateurs in the Olympics

Lubanski hits out

EVERY OLYMPIC FINAL since the war has been fought out by at least one Eastern European nation. In fact, only in the 1948 Games, held in London, did a non-Communist country, Sweden, manage to capture the title by outplaying the Yugoslavs 3-1.

But ever since then, it has been Eastern Europe all the way, with the Hungarians being the leaders of the pack with three "Golds" to their credit.

The Eastern European countries are, of course, legally truly amateur, but is the fact that both Poland and Russia for example can parade the same players in the "amateur" Olympics as in the World Cup a situation which should be allowed to continue?

Most students of the game in the non-Communist countries agree that if the Olympic Games is to have a football competition, such a tournament should be confined solely to true amateurs, which would of course exclude all the Eastern-bloc countries.

After all, the critics say, why should Britain now be barred from the Games just because all her players are now officially paid, whereas the Russians can carry on utilising the Olympics as an experimental breeding ground for future regular "full" internationals?

Surprisingly, one player who has strong views on this subject is the former Polish World Cup star, Wlodzimierz Lubanski.

Lubanski was one of the footballing stars of the Munich Games, and even though he says he garnered an immense amount of invaluable experience from the tournament, he readily admits that the way the competition was and still is organised is a pure "sham":

"Our national coach had only one idea in mind prior to the Munich Games, and that was to get together as many of our foremost players as possible in an attempt to help build a formidable squad for the World Cup two years later.

"He did this all right. But by the same token, I must say that I felt just a shade ashamed when playing against men who REALLY were amateurs in every sense of the word.

"I mean, after all, I had already played many times for my country's international side at senior level, as had all my team-mates in the final against Hungary. And my international experience also included numerous matches at club level in one of the three European cups. So, as you can see, I was by no means a novice when I was selected for our Olympic squad!

"In my opinion, soccer should either be dropped from the Olympics, or legislation should be introduced, which would ensure that every player competing was a true amateur."

The Olympic soccer Final in Munich four years ago was, on paper anyway, worthy of a European Championship final, with Poland, Lubanski, Deyna and all running out 2-1 winners. Both goals were scored by the elegant Deyna, now ranked by pundits throughout the world as one of the game's most exciting forwards. What chance therefore, did the REAL amateurs have in such august company? Well, to quote Lubanski himself: "As much hope of winning as Malta has of defeating West Germany away from home!"

The former Hendon and British international star Roy Sleap, who played for Britain the last time we qualified for the final stage back in 1960, told me: "Okay, I know that some of our players were receiving "boot money", but nothing on a par with either the Eastern Europeans or in those days the Italians.

"We drew 2-2 with Italy, and the man I had to mark was Gianni Rivera, who had already played in the Italian First Division. I hadn't let Rivera have a look-in that day, but I still feel bitter about the fact that the British boys, who were as about as amateur as you could be, should have to come up against men who were First Division starlets in their own country.

"In fact, I think that if there had been tighter controls in Rome about the true definition of amateurism, then Britain could well have reached the Olympic Final."

Many of Eastern Europe's so-called amateurs make little secret of the fact that soccer pays the bills of their star players.

Britain's last Olympic team boss Charles Hughes once commented on "shamateurism" by stating: "I will say that if steps aren't taken soon, in fifty to sixty years time the sport could be in a very sad state."

Like so many officials connected with amateur sport Mr. Hughes must either be living in a dream-world all of his very own, or simply like the poor old ostrich, burying his head in the sand!

Many years ago, Tom Whittaker of Arsenal defined an amateur as "a footballer who is not good enough to become a professional." In Munich, the only "legal" amateurs came from the Warsaw-Pact countries. And would even the greatest sceptic say that both Deyna and Lubanski were not good enough to become professionals?

Well, in the case of Lubanski, he is now a fully-fledged professional playing in Belgium.

Gerd Muller — still the best striker in the world?

BRITISH ST
LACK CLA
CONTINEN

Muller and Blokhin le

THIRTY YEARS ago there was only one type of striker, though they differed in style (slightly), size and shape (very slightly) and one man, Tommy Lawton stood supreme. There were others of the same mould who ran him close but no one on the continent could match the shooting power and heading ability of Everton's centre forward.

Though Lawton is best remembered for his ability in the air it is somewhat surprising to realise that it was his ability *on his feet* that made him so outstandingly good upstairs. Like tennis players and boxers, Lawton was up on his toes, perfectly balanced, getting highest with a short run up and one-foot take off that required perfect positioning of the feet, tremendous anticipation of where and when the ball was to be met... and of course the knack of 'glancing', turning, flicking the ball with his head — as well as the familiar jack-knife type headers in which I often saw him beat the 'keepers in the air even though they could use their outstretched fists, and getting above them, head the ball down into goal.

I remember too another facet of Lawton's game, towards the end of his career while with Brentford. Playing against Sheffield Wednesday, Lawton chased a long ball up the middle, sensed he couldn't get there and hung back, allowing the defender to get there first with time to spare. The defender, realising the pressure was off, controlled the ball instead of blasting it away — and there was Lawton, really tight now, picking the ball off the defender's toes to shoot first time... just over the bar.

Some may say that to compare outstanding players of yesteryear is foolish because of the faster pace and the different game that is played today. I however are among those that firmly believe that the old time greats would have been just as great today, because they would have grown up — football-wise — in a different environment, developed amongst faster contemporaries and above all their skill would have been retained and that in the final analysis is what counts.

To list players in order of ability is another thing. It is foolish to try and argue that Juan Schiaffino was a better inside left than Raich Carter was at inside right. They were both great players, though not perhaps equally great.

It is the same today; trying to compare goalscoring players of one type with another. Before any comparisons can be made you have to recognise that there are those who get goals in any circumstances because they create their own shooting positions and there are those dependent on others. Neither Oleg Blokhin or Gerd Muller can score goals on their own of course, they all need support and someone else to win the ball, though other's are essentially the types that feed off colleagues just as minute parasytes feed off larger animals.

But to say that, for example, Kevin Keegan 'feeds off' John Toshack for Liverpool would be unfair. These two players complement each other and feed off each other more and more as their understanding of one another's play and abilities improves. Keegan is a very good player, still improving, in his own right, yet for Liverpool he does to a degree 'feed off Toshack' just as Gerd Muller feeds off others.

Counterparts

Yet, to come to the point which is to try and answer the question why do England strikers not, in the words of Don Revie and Alf Ramsey before him, put away their chances, I believe that one has to accept the plain fact that the top British players are not as good or as skilled as their continental counterparts.

This I believe can be proved roughly quite easily. In any area of Britain, apart from the regions around Liverpool or Southampton, ask neutrals would you prefer to have in your team: Gerd Muller, Keegan or Channon? Just one, which one?

Neutrals I am sure, unless they have badly distorted red, white and blue glasses will go for Muller every time, because Muller is great, World Class.

Before widening the topic I would like to make one point. Against Brazil in the USA recently, Keegan did very well to get deep inside the South American penalty area and receive a pass at his feet. He had an open goal, but he hesitated and allowed Leao to make an impossible save. Against Finland in Helsinki, Channon was put away, on his own, with the Finns waiting for an off-side whistle that never came.

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A SS OF
N TALS...
n lead the way

Oleg Blokhin of the Soviet Union.

says
ERIC BATTY

He closed in on goal, shot, the 'keeper blocked the ball but Channon did well to retrieve it and keeping his head took the second chance well. No doubt, in the USA, Keegan would have taken a rebound too had Leao given him the chance, but the point I'm trying to make is that Muller gets perhaps only one half-chance in a game . . . and puts it away with no fuss.

One chance or half-chance with Muller, and it's a goal no need for second chances, he puts away the first opportunity.

Of course Muller has other things going for him. Quite unique in the game today, Gerd Muller is short but stocky with most of his body weight around his middle and thighs which gives him a low centre of gravity. He isn't particularly adept at dribbling, though does not lack ball control and gets most of his goals not by being quick off the mark, though he is, but because he anticipates things so well. He has football sense, a football brain, the natural instinct of a born goalscorer.

Regularity

Many of Muller's goals come from his suddenly feinting one way, coming back to sprint five yards the other way and finding the ball at his feet, shoot first time. He gets a few with headers and more of what Helmut Schon calls 'Muller's little goals'. A typical little goal is one that follows a shot from his clubmate Uli Hoeness, the 'keeper dives and half saves or the ball rebounds from a post. There as if he came up out of the ground is Muller, slotting it home with such regularity that though the casual spectator might think it's luck the first time. He does it so often that finally you must recognise that Muller was there, just hoping it would happen. Be there every time, and when it does, add another one to the season's tally.

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New committee to arrange World Cup

ARGENTINA'S new military government has called the organisation of the 1978 World Cup finals of national interest — using words which had been heard before under the previous Peron government, but which are likely to be taken more seriously this time.

They have also formed a new government committee to organise the World Cup finals — yet another one, but it is likely to be the last — which has full powers to finish all works and preparations with funds derived from 5% of profits from the government run football pools. *(In last month's WORLD SOCCER I also mentioned a new committee being formed under the new government, but this was of FA officials, while the latest is composed of government officials with far wider powers).*

Government investigators have also found irregularities in the management of funds by previous committees under the Peron government, but they did not elaborate. Building of stadiums and other work seems to be well on schedule however.

Meanwhile the South American Football Confederation, holding its congress in Santiago de Chile at press time, unanimously reelected Chile's Juan Goñi as vice-president to FIFA and established the following dates for South American World Cup preliminary group matches next year:

Group 1: February 20: Colombia v Brazil; Feb 24: Colombia v Paraguay; March 6: Paraguay v Colombia; Mar 9: Brazil v Colombia; Mar 13: Paraguay v Brazil; Mar 17 or 20: Brazil v Paraguay.

GROUP 2: February 9: Venezuela v Uruguay; Feb 27: Bolivia v Uruguay; March 6: Venezuela v Bolivia; Mar 13: Bolivia v Venezuela; Mar 17: Uruguay v Venezuela; Mar 27: Uurguay v Bolivia.

GROUP 3: February 20: Ecuador v Peru; Feb 27: Ecuador v Chile; Mar 6: Chile v Peru; Mar 12: Peru v Ecuador; Mar 20: Chile v Ecuador; Mar 26: Peru v Chile.

The Confederation also decided that preliminary group matches for the first Junior World Cup will be played in Caracas, Venezuela with Chile, Brazil, Bolivia, Colombia and Ecuador in group A and Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay, Peru and Venezuela in Group B.

Narrow

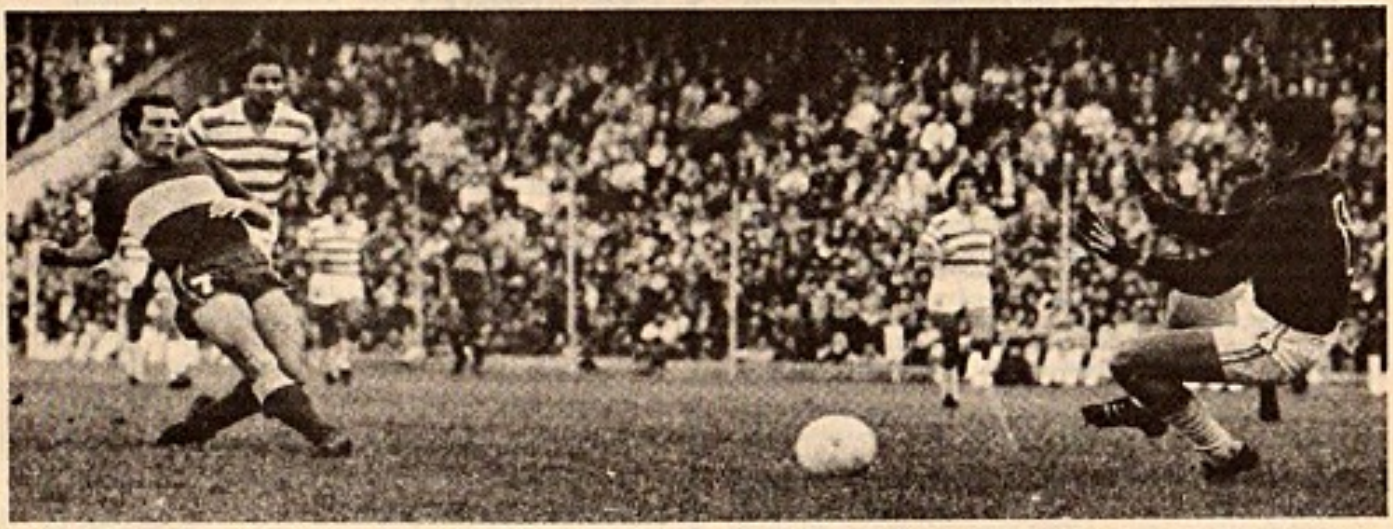
BRAZIL EASILY won the Atlantic Cup tournament when they beat second-placed Argentina 2-0 at Rio de Janeiro with one match to go. They then completed the tournament with their six matches won and, although they did it mostly by narrow margins, undoubtedly they could play just enough to win every time.

Coach Osvaldo Brandao, rarely given to enthusiasm or singling out players, admitted his team had limitations and relied heavily on the inspiration of such established stars as Rivelinho, Zico, Nelinho and Marinho, but he was also very enthusiastic about newcomers such as forward Gil (Fluminense) and half Givanildo (Santa Cruz). Brazilian fans, accustomed to success, were less enthusiastic over the team's performance and tended to blame Brandao for changing the players so often. In the main it is felt however that Brazil has the makings of a good team that could do the country proud at the 1978 World Cup finals.

In a tournament stretched over three and a half months (which started at the end of February and finished on June 9) it is only natural that team changes should be made. Brazil used 29 players in their six matches, but Brandao occasionally had to replace Cruzeiro Club players engaged in the Libertadores Cup and he is still looking for a world class team.

Uruguay used 31 players in their effort to find a winning combination, but they managed only one point from six matches and their coach, Jose Maria Rodriguez resigned at the end. Paraguay used 23 and the usually unsettled Argentina 22 — four of which only came on once as substitutes — while Mario Kempes their leading league scorer and most veteran international with 27 caps also finished top scorer in the tournament with six goals. Argentina was also the only one of the four countries to line up players in all six matches — Kempes, Bochini and Gallego.

The vital Brazil-Argentina encounter was marred by rain and a muddy field at Rio's giant Maracana stadium (where the gate topped 10,000 dollars). It suited neither team's style, but Brazil took the upper hand from the start with better individual play although their shooting



Mastrangelo (7) scores for Boca Juniors in their 5-0 victory over Banfield with which they qualified for the Argentine (Metropolitan) First Division final round.

Reguera (6) leaps to head Estudiantes' second goal against San Lorenzo with whom they drew 2-2 in the Argentine (Metropolitan) First Division.

SOUTH AMERICAN ROUND-UP

by ERIC WEIL

was poor. Lula put Brazil ahead 19 minutes after half-time and although Argentina fought all the way, Brazil were just the better team although they only sealed their victory with a goal from Neca two minutes from time. Both goals had come from rebounds off goalkeeper La Volpe.

On the same night Uruguay were destined to bottom place with a 1-0 defeat against Paraguay in Asuncion. Although defender Salalinde did not score until four minutes from the end, Paraguay were always on top, showing more attacking ideas with their 4-3-3 formation against Uruguay's defensive 4-4-2.

The only interest in the last act on June 9 were the traditional cups between competing countries which were being played for at the same time (see classified results).

In Montevideo, Argentina took a 2-0 lead through Luque and Kempes in the first 10 minutes and never allowed the unbelievably poor Uruguay to get back into the game — not even when they were left with 10 men (and leading 3-0 with a Houseman goal) when goalkeeper Gatti was sent off just before half-time for the apparently trivial offence of twice touching the ball with his hand outside the area.

In Rio, Brazil coasted to a 3-1 win with headers from Roberto (2) and Zico before Diaz replied for Paraguay, thus gaining — like Argentina — the second victory by more than one goal which gave them a bonus point according to the rules of this tournament.

Qualified

BRAZIL'S representatives, Cruzeiro, easily qualified for the Libertadores Cup final by winning their four semi-final group matches against Alianza Lima and Liga Deportiva Universitaria, champions of Peru and Ecuador respectively, with an 18-3 goals record, their leading scorers being Palinha and Jairzinho with six goals each.

Rarely, if ever, has a team had such an easy passage to the final. They made all the opposition look weak — even Alianza who lined up seven current Peruvian internationals and lost 7-1 in Bello Horizonte. Undoubtedly Cruzeiro is what many call them — a "goals machine", but their defence, like that of many Brazilian teams, is not up to the same standard. But they have hardly been pressed so far in the tournament.

It is just the opposite in the other semi-final group where the three games played so far between Peñarol (Uruguay), holders Independiente and River Plate (both Argentine) have been very close and only produced two goals.

Independiente, six times winners of the cup which they have taken for the last four years running, naturally have the advantage in experience (in spite of having several changes this year), but Peñarol were perhaps a bit unlucky to lose by a wonder goal scored by Bochini just after half-time in Buenos Aires when he took the ball from midfield, past several defenders and deceived goalkeeper Corbo by shooting in the opposite angle he was going.

Best goal

It was the best goal of the cup this season and the high point of a poor match in which Peñarol played defensively and Independiente speculated — waiting for the Uruguayan team's mistakes rather than creating their own openings, but they had rarely looked like getting through.

Earlier River Plate had failed to beat Independiente at home when the latter played their usual defensive away game in the Cup. Then River virtually put themselves out by losing 1-0 to Peñarol in Montevideo in another poor match which neither deserved to win. Peñarol scored in their first attack after 23 minutes and then defended their lead. River Plate had the ball and the field, but seldom knew what to do — which is not unusual for them lately. They centralised their attacks too much and also showed other tactical errors.

No team has yet shown up well in this hard fight for a final place.

Brazil are South America's only representatives in the Olympic Games soccer tournament following the withdrawal of Uruguay (who were second to Brazil in last year's qualifying tournament). The Uruguayan FA felt that their players were not strictly amateur under the Olympic code. Argentina and Colombia both refused invitations to replace them at the last moment in view of insufficient time to prepare a team and also shortage of funds to increase their Olympic delegation.

Argentina had earlier withdrawn from the Toulon junior tournament in June — which they had won in 1975 — when the players, headed by six full internationals in the squad, asked for double the bonuses offered by the FA. The new, tougher FA withdrew the team (too hastily, some thought) without even discussing the matter with the players.

At press time it also looked as if the FA would cancel Argentina's European tour planned for August owing to "a slight delay in the First Division championship", but national coach Cesar Menotti — whose relations with the FA have deteriorated since the junior team affair (mentioned above) — insists that the tour must go ahead as part of his World Cup build-up.

League Tables pages 48/49

France's Golden Fifties

Compiled by Eric Batty

	P	W	D	L	Goals F	Goals A
Africa Rep. XI	1	1	0	0	2	0
Argentina	6	1	2	3	4	7
Austria	15	6	1	8	27	33
Belgium	60	18	15	27	102	140
Brazil	2	0	0	2	4	8
Bulgaria	12	5	2	5	23	15
Central America XI	1	1	0	0	6	0
Chile	2	1	0	1	6	1
Colombia	1	1	0	0	3	2
Czechoslovakia	14	4	2	8	21	27
Denmark	3	1	0	2	4	26
Egypt (UAR)	2	1	1	0	7	1
Eire	6	2	2	2	9	9
England	19	3	3	13	26	59
Ethiopia	1	1	0	0	4	0
Finland	2	2	0	0	7	2
Greece	4	3	1	0	14	4
Germany, East	2	0	1	1	3	4
Germany, West	12	4	4	4	24	27
Holland	11	4	0	7	24	40
Hungary	16	3	2	11	19	43
Iceland	4	3	1	0	16	1
Ireland, North	5	3	1	1	14	5
Italy	24	3	5	16	32	68
Latvia	1	1	0	0	7	0
Luxembourg	10	9	0	1	48	10
Mexico	3	2	1	0	8	4
Norway	7	5	0	2	11	6
Paraguay	1	1	0	0	7	3
Poland	7	5	1	1	17	7
Portugal	14	8	1	5	26	22
Romania	5	2	0	3	7	10
Scotland	7	2	0	5	6	10
Spain	16	3	4	9	16	44
Switzerland	27	11	6	10	51	49
Sweden	7	3	0	4	7	5
Uruguay	2	0	0	2	2	7
U.S.S.R.	6	2	2	2	10	12
Wales	3	2	1	0	9	3
Yugoslavia	18	5	4	9	27	34
Totals	359	132	63	164	659	758

TEAMS LIKE England, Uruguay and Italy are great soccer powers fallen from grace, still feared in the case of Italy and England but no longer the forces they once were. France on the other hand has rarely been regarded as a world power in international soccer, yet in the glorious fifties, which looking back now appears to have been the twilight of real football, the French were at their peak.

They had their individual stars before — Larbi Ben Barek and Xerces Louis had both been tremendous figures but both were imported from North Africa. But in the 50's football had the whole country in its grip in a way that it has never done, before or since and it all revolved around one club — Reims. Champions in 1953, 1955, 1958 and 1960, Reims reached the first European Cup final and held Real Madrid to 3-4 after looking as if they were going to romp it at one stage. Real were so impressed with Raymond Kopa that they signed him, even though he, like Di Stefano, was a natural centre forward and Kopa spent two years playing on the right wing for Real.

With Kopa playing against him, but having found a star centre forward of a quite different type in free scoring Just Fontaine, Reims again reached the European Cup final in 1959, again losing 0-2 to Real Madrid, but it was between these two peaks of Reims achievement that the French game really took off. In the 1958 World Cup, France began as one of the outsiders, but with six men from Reims plus Raymond Kopa who remained a Reims player at heart (and still coaches their youth team today). France came within touching distance of winning the World Cup.

Jonquet, Leblond, Penverne, Fontaine, Piantoni and Vincent were the Reims men, Kopa their blood brother who joined them after playing for Real in the 1958 European Cup final in Brussels and threatened to set Sweden on fire.

Paraguay were hammered unmercifully 7-3 (Fontaine 3); Scotland fell to them 2-1 (Fontaine and Kopa) and Northern Ireland went the same way 4-0 (Fontaine 2) to put France into the semi final with Brazil.

Here France were unfortunate in two senses, for though they began with real problems, the Brazilians switched their team and won. Early in the series they could only draw 0-0 with England with an attack that read: Joel, Didi, Altafini Dida, Zagallo and failed hopelessly. Gambling, for no less a word will do, on the 17 years old Pele and right winger Garrincha who had had his appendix removed just six weeks before, the reshaped team with Garrincha, Didi, Vava Pele and Zagallo became one of the finest seen in any World Cup.

In addition, leading 2-1 in the semi final, France were set back very seriously by injury to key defender, centre half Robert Jonquet which, to say the least, was 'dubious'. Deliberate or not, it destroyed the French defence with Jonquet a hobbling passenger and France had to be satisfied with a third place win over West Germany whom they beat 6-3 with Fontaine taking four goals.

Then of course there was the man who created and guided the team, coach Albert Batteux, boss of Reims through their great years.

A small town, Reims couldn't ever pull big crowds to their own ground and played most of their big European Cup ties at the Parc des Princes in Paris, but even so they couldn't remain solvent without considerable financial backing of their chairman M. Henri Germain, a champagne producer. Finally, the President had to choose between the bottled variety and champagne soccer for he couldn't afford both and Batteux moved on.

After a spell in the wilderness Batteux came again, taking over the then unknown A.S.S.E. . . . better known now as St. Etienne. Starting again almost from scratch, Batteux proved himself again, if ever there was any doubt by taking his new club to the championship in 1964 and then a hat trick plus one, retaining the championship trophy in 1967, 1968, 1969 and 1970 before handing over to the club captain and assistant coach Robert Herbin who led the Saints at Hampden Park against Bayern Munchen.

There the Greens won many friends with their neat football as opposed to the match winning tactics of Bayern, and this without doubt was the legacy Batteux had left them.

Seldom can one man have had such an influence on a nation's football. Rarely has one man achieved so much success. Still not yet 60 though in semi retirement the French recently appointed a new national team manager. Batteux had been in the wings when Stefan Kovacs had been appointed. When the Romanian left, Batteux never applied for the job, but pestered by the press he let it be known that he would accept the post if it were offered.

Tragically, though France is desperately short of class players and you cannot make bricks without straw, the call never came for if there is one man in France who could spot a brick amongst a pile of stones, that man is surely Albert Batteux.

News from West Germany by Arthur Rotmil

SECOND PLACE CONSIDERED A FAILURE!

FOOTBALL FOLLOWERS in most countries would have been delighted with the position of runners up in the European Championship, but in West Germany the penalty miss by Uli Hoeness in the final against Czechoslovakia, which cost the holders the European crown, was greeted with deep disappointment.

Still, for national manager Helmut Schön there was a great deal of satisfaction to be derived from the display of his injury-weakened team. Both in the semi-final v. Yugoslavia and in the final, the Germans pulled back a 0-2 dificit. Considering how at the end of an exhausting ten-month long season the players still found enough stamina to stage two such tremendous comebacks, each taking the tie into extra time, their performances were above reproach.

In the final only the brilliance of Czechoslovakia's veteran 'keeper Ivo Viktor — surely the best custodian in Europe — thwarted the German efforts. Most impressive was the debut of 22-year-old centre forward Dieter Müller from FC Cologne; coming in at such a vital stage and at this level, he hit four goals in two games! will another Müller become the new hero of West Germany?

Now most players are taking a well deserved holiday. But for several international stars there will just be a fortnight's break, before they start training for the next season!

Eliminated

In the *Bundesliga* the defending champions Borussia Mönchengladbach retained their title making sure on the penultimate day. After a shaky period when the Gladbacher were so tragically and unjustly eliminated from the European Cup (by Real Madrid), the team showed its character in the closing stages and completed the campaign with a 2-1 win over the improved FC Cologne. This gave Borussia a four-point final lead over second-placed Hamburger SV. Third were Bayern Munich, the European Cup winners, who in their last match crushed Hertha Berlin at home by the incredible score of 7-4! Gerd Müller, whose marksmanship some experts were beginning to play down, hit five goals . . .

Müller thus increased his total tally in *Bundesliga* matches to 304! His average now stands at 30 goals per season and when one remembers that because of injury he missed all games between September 17 and the restart in January, then his figures are all the more astonishing.

The three relegated clubs are Hannover, Bayern Munich and Kickers Offenbach, who thus went down for a third time, after 1969 and 1971.

Once again West Germany will be represented by seven clubs in the three European Cup competitions. In the Champions tournament the holders Bayern and *Bundesliga* winners Borussia Mönchengladbach, plus one team in the Cup Winners' Cup, and the maximum four clubs in the UEFA contest.

Not everything in the garden of the German champions is lovely: Borussia's World Cup star Rainer Bonhof couldn't even raise a cheer to celebrate the retention of the title and moaned instead: "We, the internationals, are being flogged to death. The *Bundesliga*, the European Cup, the national Cup, friendly internationals, the European Championship and after this marathon just 14 days leave . . ."

That is one reason why Bonhof, the star of the European Championship final, is keen to move to a Spanish club. And he has not yet renewed his contract with Borussia. "We have made progress in our negotiations," says Bonhof, "but there is as yet no definite agreement. If all goes wrong, then I shall move first to a German club for £320,000 and they will transfer me to Spain for an extra £20,000".

Analogy

It is indeed a bizarre state of affairs, when members of a championship winning team are considering a move elsewhere, just as their club has reached the top. One cannot escape the analogy with Ajax Amsterdam, whose great side disintegrated precisely for the same reasons of "wanderlust" among its leading stars.

The 13th *Bundesliga* season brought some highly interesting facets. Like for instance the incredible series established by Bayern Munich's famous international goalkeeper Sepp Maier. Since August 20, 1966, Maier has played in every *Bundesliga* match and his 340 consecutive appearances represent a fabulous new record.

The most disappointed club are Hertha Berlin who last year were second and now only 11th, having drawn just 407,000 spectators to their 17 home games — 212,000 fewer than last year!

Yet, a total of 7,089,000 fans watched the *Bundesliga* fixtures — an increase of 420,000 as compared with the previous term!

Gate receipts totalled £14.6 million. Altogether the 18 clubs of the Federal League registered a turnover of over 700,000,000 Marks that is a cool £140 million!

The biggest turnover of players occured at FC Cologne, who used 24 men. By contrast, Rot-weiss Essen, Kaiserslautern, MSV Duisburg and Hamburger SV fielded only 17 players each.

Altogether there were 115 penalties awarded — last year 126. This time 86 were converted and 29 missed.

The most lethal attack proved to be Eintracht Frankfurt's, with 79 goals, while the champions Borussia Mg. scored just 66; In the list of individual marksmen a new name appeared at the top: Klaus Fischer of sixth-placed Schalke headed the scorers with 29 goals, followed by Gerd Müller (Bayern) and Erich Beer (Hertha) each on 23, then Klaus Toppmöller (Kaiserslautern) with 22.

All told there were 47 fewer goals scored than last term; 1009, as against 1056. The record season was 1973/74 when a total of 1085 goals was recorded.

Happily fewer men were sent off than in the last season: Meyer (Hannover), Schäfer (Kalrsruher SC), Meier (Kaiserslautern), Ritschel (Kickers Offenbach), Grzyb (Eintracht Brunswick), Neues (Rot-weiss Essen) and Herzog (Fortuna Düsseldorf) — a total of seven, while last year twelve players got their marching orders.

The national team finished runners in Europe, Bayern won the most coveted prize in club footballl, the European Champions Cup, Eintracht Frankfurt reached the semi-finals of the Cup Winners' Cup and Hamburger SV the last four in the UEFA Cup — these were all visible and impressive signs that the West German soccer scene is healthy and that the future holds even more triumphs in store for that country.

BAN ON REAL MADRID IS CUT AFTER APPEAL

REAL MADRID have been given the chance they desperately wanted — to continue improving their Champions' Cup record.

But it took a specially prepared appeal by vice-president Raimundo Saporta to change UEFA's mind over the year's ban after the incident at the end of the tie with Bayern Munich.

You will recall that a drunken fan ran onto the pitch and attacked both referee Erich Linemayr and Gerd Müller after the final whistle. UEFA first banned Madrid for a year and now, to a little surprise in Spain, have commuted the sentence.

Venues

Madrid must play their next three home legs in the Champions' Cup at least 300 kilometres from Chamartin. Alternatively venues could include Zaragoza, Valencia and Seville, though all three are on the fringe of the 300 km limit.

Could we yet see Madrid playing a home Champions' Cup tie in Barcelona? I think they'd rather play somewhere in France than do that!

SPANISH team manager Ladislao Kubala was surprised soon after the European Championship to hear that Yugoslav coach Ante Mladinic had quit. Surprised . . . and pleased. Kubala thinks that with the first World Cup qualifying tie against the Slavs coming up in just three months, for once Spain will have a psychological advantage.

An evenly balanced competition

AN ITALIAN colleague from a Roman newspaper, a man well travelled over many years, struck a curiously discordant note when I met him at Belgrade Airport, the day after the recent European Championship Cup Final. How many great players were there in the tournament? he asked me. I had to think carefully, then said that Franz Beckenbauer certainly still looked a great player to me, though past his best, that Rainer Bonhof was coming up fast, that the Czechs were an excellent side, though perhaps without players of true greatness. I added that the West German side certainly did not seem as good to me as the one which had taken the Nations Cup of 1972. "There you are, then," he said, "the game's gone backwards."

Butch Wilkins, who made such a promising debut for England against Italy.

Well, scarcely. More relevant, I am sure, was the opinion of the German team manager Helmut Schoen who said that even if the West German side was not as good as in 1972, it was a much more evenly balanced competition in Yugoslavia. Anyone who saw the way the West Germans annihilated Russia in Brussels, then saw how hard put they were even to force a breathlessly belated draw against Czechoslovakia would surely drink to that.

The general level of the four games seemed to me quite astonishing; and I was scarcely alone in that. Perhaps one should expect the Third Place match, which was not the real thing, any more than a Third Place match ever can be. Nevertheless I was glad to have gone back to Zagreb to see it, and to become acquainted for the first time with the midfield skills of Holland's Jan Peters, the promise of the blond Kist, who was whistled up from Holland to play, scoring a goal and probably being robbed of another only by the blowing of the final whistle, when clean through alone.

Have Holland cashed in their chips? Though the Zagreb game showed there is the makings of a very good young side, with such as the two I have mentioned and the Van der Kerkhof's twins, now emphatically pulling their weight — or should one say their height? — there's abundant material. But what went on before their semi-final with the Czechs was a thoroughly squalid affair.

It is evident that only a manager as strong as Rinus Michels, now back again with Barcelona, can hope to keep Johan Cruyff in line, and if Cruyff is not kept in line there is no real future for a team that includes him. The discipline and morale of the team were in fragments before the Czech match.

True, the Dutch had their moments of

BRIAN GLANVILLE

'How many great players were in the European Championship?'

Uli Hoeness of West Germany — after he had missed the decisive penalty kick against Czechoslovakia in the European Championship Final.

ill fortune — surely cancelled by the massive fortune of seeing the huge Ondrus belt the ball in off his own cross-bar in a moment of aberration. Cruyff was doubtless right when he said it was a clear foul when Panenka brought him down, just before the Czechs broke to score their second goal. Flying back to Belgrade with Miljan Miljanic, the Real Madrid manager, the following day, I heard him express the view that Clive Thomas' decision in this instance was a punishment for the way that Cruyff, in his "Spanish" manner, had perpetually queried almost every decision he gave against the Dutch. "So he punished the player and at the same time he punished the team." Miljanic added that this was precisely how Cruyff was accustomed to behave in the Spanish Championship.

Contract

There are endless wheels within wheels to be found here. Cruyff is the son-in-law of Cor Coster (yes, yes, Hollywood addicts; the son in law also rises!) Coster runs the leading football agency in Holland. Wim Van Hanegem is with his agency and so, the Dutch journalists were murmuring, Cruyff wanted Van Hanegem to play for Holland in Yugoslavia so that he could get a better contract when, as seemed likely, he left Feyenoord at the end of the season.

Come to that, some Yugoslavs were saying darkly that the only reason the disappointing Acimovic stayed in the team was because he was about to take wing for foreign parts, and the team manager Mladinic wanted him to find a good club and contract. Blamed for not substituting him when he was manifestly sold out against West Germany in the semi-final, Mladinic is reported feebly to have replied: "He never told me he was tired."

Yugoslavia won much admiration for their glorious first half against the Germans, but as one who was there and who admired them in that coruscating spell, I hope I may be permitted gently to say that football matches do last 90, even 120, minutes, rather than merely 45. Alternatively, having seen his team give so much so brilliantly in half a game, surely Mladinic could have put in a substitute or two, ideally in defence, where he was so terribly thin on the ground; brave tactics, but foolhardy ones. The more so when you have a centre-back as self-indulgent as Josip Katalinski, a magnificent, versatile footballer, one of the superb new breed of centre-halves who seem to make France their domicile — the majestic Oswaldo Piazza of Saint Etienne is another of them — but a menace as well as an inspiration to his side.

In that German game in Belgrade, Katalinski not only forced Sepp Maier to a couple of glorious saves, he kicked off the line with his own keeper Petrovic beaten. Yet his constant sorties into attack left the Yugoslav defence, already undermanned, hopelessly vulnerable. Ideally, in a team playing a version of what we call, for want of a better word, Total Football, Katalinski would have been covered. It may not have been lost upon you, my sophisticated readers, however, that while one frequently finds defenders who can attack, it is awfully rare to find attackers who can defend. A big centre-forward will lope back with a big centre-half when that gentleman goes up for a free kick or a corner — if he doesn't, then there's likely to be the kind of goal that Ondrus headed against Holland in Zagreb. But it seldom seems to work the other way about.

Experiments

What meanwhile of England? I feel they have their best team for years, almost incredibly, at a moment when they seemed to have almost their worst. But in America Revie came encouragingly to his senses, stopped playing third raters, put people in their true positions, and saw certain experiments succeed.

He has certainly been proved right, where I was wrong, about Stuart Pearson. Pearson will never be a great player, but unlike Malcolm Macdonald, on whom Revie, and Ramsey before him, wasted so much time, he has the capacity both to function at international level; and to improve.

The other England footballers love to play with him, admiring his unselfishness, the way he lays the ball off, the way he takes up good positions. Pearson is an intelligent thinker about the tactics of the game — had he played in New York against Italy, his plan was to push up on Facchetti, the sweeper.

As it transpired, what seemed in prospect to be a piece of controversial caution by Revie turned out a triumphant experiment. I had feared that Butch Wilkins might be traumatised forever as an international player after making so difficult a debut, and he admitted to me himself that he "crashed out" in the coach on the way to Yankee Stadium, with severe stomach pains. Once the game began, however, and he heard the other players shouting at him, he said, all was well. Indeed it was. What a splendid, cool temperament! I had never seen him play so well, so economically, for Chelsea (poor old Chelsea . . .) while Gordon Hill was another to delight us with his debut.

The three outstanding figures in the England team however are Trevor Brooking, who made nonsense of the Italians' man to man marking and showed in Helsinki too how well he can go down the flanks, Mike Channon ("It's not just playing together, it's living together") and the irrepressible Kevin Keegan.

News from Czechoslovakia

Slovan slip —Ostrava clinch title

SLOVAN BRATISLAVA, champions for the last two consecutive years slipped up badly in the 1975-76 season which, though it ended in a blaze of glory for them — providing Jan Pivarnik, Anton Ondrus, Jozef Capkovic, Koloman Gogh, Jan Svehlik and Marian Masny for the Czech side that won the European championship in Yugoslavia (as well as assistant manager Jozef Venglos) — they failed to retain their own domestic title.

With six of the championship winning squad and a few more capped players as well it seems unbelievable that Slovan could fail, but manager Venglos would probably attribute it to the players' indecision about whether to put their studies or their football first. This is a real problem, for Venglos himself splits his time between being boss of the P.E. Department of Bratislava University, manager of the Slovan club and studying for a doctorate in Philosophy... I imagine for pleasure or satisfaction as much as anything else, for he doesn't really need it. Nevertheless, half of his players are in their final year at University and the pressure was on.

Critical

Looked at another way, there seems little doubt now that Slovan's title bid was affected by providing half the side for international games, often in midweek, and also by their terrible run away from home. At one stage, Slovan's Marian Masny scored in a 1-0 away win at Trecin, and that was the clubs first away goal in seven matches. As the league neared its end with four clubs fighting it out at the top, Slovan became more and more desperate to pick up points away and in critical games it was their back players who chipped in with vital goals.

Jan Svehlik was top scorer with nine, Jan Capkovic got eight, Masny and Pavol Bojkovsky each scored seven and stopper Anton Ondrus hit six. On top of that, as if that weren't enough, right back Jan Pivarnik also got a vital goal in the penultimate match drawn 1-1 away to Brno.

Add it all up and it seems to confirm my view that the midfield don't chip in enough goals and that Svehlik, though quite a good player, is too slight and frail to be a really successful centre forward. This doesn't necessarily mean that slightly built players have no place in the game today, but only that such players must have something 'extra' some zip or class about them that Svehlik, to me, seems to lack.

On the other hand of course it has to be reckoned that Ostrava did very well indeed to keep up their superb run in the second half of the campaign when their only defeat was that 2-1 reverse away to Slovan. At the half-way mark, Ostrava were 12th in the 16 club league table, though only three points above the relegation pair, they were also just four points behind leaders Slovan.

This suggests that there has been a levelling up or levelling down in Czech football — levelling up seems the more likely in view of the national team's progress and that is confirmed by my own observations. The fact is, however, that Ostrava after starting the season with form that suggested they might be in relegation trouble came through strongly to win nine, draw five and lose only one of their games in the speing campaign and pip Slovan and Slavia on the last day.

Though Czech observers feel the Ostrava side is quite ordinary and will fail to make any impact in the new European Cup it is clear they must have something, if only a tight rearguard. For manager Jiri Rubas it is a personal triumph for he took over only last July and won the title first time out. However, Ostrava would appear to be light in attack with Jiri Klement, previously a frequent scorer either off target or out of the side too often to get more than six goals in the championship season and the top scorer being Lubomir Knapp, one of the few full caps in the squad, who got eight.

Tally

Rostislav Sionko had the honour of scoring the title clinching goal, 1-0 away to Plzen, boosting his tally to seven and all told there were ten who got league goals.

However, Dusan Gallis who headed the winner against England in Bratislava, finished the campaign with 21, despite a six game suspension with Zdenek Nehoda on 17 and both Antonin Panenka (Bohemians) and Rudolf Svoboda from relegated Jablonec each taking 15.

Though Slovaks dominated the national team, Prague clubs did better than for some time with Dukla well up and Slavia having their best campaign in years, possible champions until the very last day. In addition, Sparta came back from the graveyard of Second Division football at the first attempt, attracting a crowd of 35,000 (higher than any First Division Crowd) for their home game with Dukla Banska Bystrica which they won 3-2 and in the end proved critical. Slovak team Frydek-Mistek come up as champions, with Spartak in second place level on points but with a better goals difference than Dukla B. B.

Czechoslovakian captain Jan Pivarnik holds the European Championship trophy aloft.

SCOTLAND TO BEAT CZECHS?

by Alex Gordon

CZECHOSLOVAKIA WILL have to make the most of their celebrations after winning the European Championship because they will not be getting much joy in their bid to qualify for the 1978 World Cup Finals in Argentina.

Scotland beat the Czechs in the last World Cup qualifying section and they will do so again this time. I have several good reasons for this confidence. I believe the Scots are strongest where the Czechs are weakest.

Take Joe Jordan, for instance. He is certainly one of the great aerial experts of today and goalkeeper Ivo Viktor cannot be looking forward to this confrontation with the mighty Leeds man. Viktor may have won the Czech Player of the Year award three times and the acclaim that goes with it, but I am still not convinced by his ability to deal with high balls.

Look at West Germany's last gasp equalising goal in the European Championship Final in Yugoslavia. Bonhof's inswinging corner from the left wing was extremely close to Viktor, but he made an amateurish attempt at fisting it clear and Holzenbien — not one of the best headers of the ball I have ever seen — managed to glance it into the net. There was no doubt about it — Viktor was to blame for the loss of that goal at that crucial moment.

First goal

When Scotland beat the Czechs 2-1 to qualify for the World Cup Finals in West Germany both goals came from crosses. The first goal was scored by Jim Holton off a corner kick from the left wing. Viktor left his goal in an effort to cut out the danger, but he missed the ball completely and Holton nodded it in.

The winning goal came from Joe Jordan with a header from about eight yards. This time Viktor elected to stay on his line, made no effort to come for the right wing cross from Willie Morgan and Jordan snapped up the chance. Viktor is a superb goalkeeper when it comes to dealing with straightforward shots. He can hold the ball well and his agility has been proven beyond doubt, but he could be nicknamed Dracula because of his fear of the cross!

Another good reason for my confidence is the magnificent midfield trio of Bruce Rioch, Archie Gemmill and Don Masson. There aren't many countries who can boast a threesome of this calibre. Rioch, strong, powerful and lethal in his deadball shooting; Gemmill, non-stop worker and inspiration; Masson, thoughtful and endowed with deftness of touch. I don't believe Czechoslovakia can possibly contain this trio.

I'm not forgetting the Welsh, either. They have had some tremendous results under Mike Smith's management, but I still believe they lack the killer touch. John Toshack would appear to have too much to do on his own and the likes of John Mahoney, Brian Flynn and Leighton James can combine superbly, but the defence has several question marks over it.

Scotland, too, know there is room for improvement in their side. Willie Ormond would probably be the first to acknowledge that fact. However, it's always good to know that Scotland can afford to give great rivals England a goal of a start and still beat them.

We shouldn't go too wild over that win, though. Let's face it, Scotland's winning goal from Kenny Dalglish was like something out of a Monty Python comedy sketch. The Celtic skipper didn't hit the ball properly and this probably 'threw' the unfortunate Ray Clemence.

Clemence committed the cardinal error of not closing his legs while dealing with Dalglish's effort and he paid dearly for it. Clemence actually made four glaring mistakes at Hampden and was punished only twice. Scotland's goalkeeper at Wembley the previous year, Stewart Kennedy, made five mistakes — and paid for them all!

Mistake

The Liverpool goalkeeper admitted he should have cut out the cross that led to Scotland's first goal from Don Masson. He was also slow in coming for another left wing corner when Jordan clipped the crossbar with a header. His third blunder in the first-half came when he had to cut out a cross from the right by Dalglish and missed it completely, almost giving a surprised Jordan the chance to put the ball into an empty net.

Scotland have the type of players who can break on the wings and they have the men in the middle who can cash in on these opportunities. The great thing about the Scottish attack is the flexibility. Dalglish set up a couple of opportunities for Jordan by breaking on the flanks and, of course, it was Jordan who eventually set up the winner with a courageous run down the left.

Czechoslovakia are obviously a very good team, but, remember, they still allowed the West Germans to get back into the game after leading 2-0. I doubt if the West German would have allowed that to happen had they been ahead.

Ondrus is a wonderful centre-back — he reminds me of Brazil's Luis Perrera — but he could do with a bit of support around him. Gogh is superbly talented, but he can disappear every now and again. Pvarnik, too, likes to attack and can sometimes be caught out of position. This is where the Czechs could be stretched and certainly Masson is the man who can provide the service his front runners will be looking for.

Formations

Obviously a lot of things can happen between now and the game against the Czechs near the end of the year. Injuries can wreck plans and formations, but, looking on the bright side, Willie Ormond has at last managed to get strength in depth in his squad. Eddie Gray and Willie Pettigrew both scored important goals in the 3-1 Home International win over the Welsh at Hampden, but there were no grumbles when they missed the clash against the English.

Scotland are at long last beginning to play like a TEAM. There were days when Denis Law and Jim Baxter entertained the tartan hordes with their extra-special soccer skills, but the team never really ticked over. Individuals failed to combine with other individuals and Scotland suffered in the long run.

These days are now happily in the past. Scotland can look to the future with great hope. There is still a lot of hard work to be done, but the players and the manager realise this.

The introduction of the subtle Masson has worked wonders in the middle of the park. A player of his class has been needed for years. Now he has arrived — a bit later than he would probably have liked — but he is here and that is the main thing.

Yes, Czechoslovakia had better make the most of their European triumph. Scotland will soon be spoiling their party . . .

ERIC THORNTON'S SOCCER NOTEBOOK

Brown chases top spot for Blackpool...

CHECK! THAT'S what several million folk in these islands will be doing in front of the telly scoreboard when English soccer stages its great opening day on the 18th of this month.

A considerable number are also likely to have their weather eyes trained on the Pools chart, and, additionally, there's certainly going to be a large section awaiting the result of just one match.

All those will be crossing their fingers, and wishing the best of British luck to a soccer wanderer who, over the years, has thrilled the stands and terraces from Hampden Park in the north, to Ninian Park in the west, and Portsmouth in the south.

Allan Brown's the name, with a double l, Mister Printer, please. And it's one which is particularly respected not only on the international scene, but also in areas as far apart as Fifeshire, Lancashire, Nottinghamshire, Devon and the Home Counties.

Limelight

Now, this former heavyweight of an inside-forward who knew the glory years of almost a decade, has been handed the golden opportunity for bouncing back into the limelight as Manager of the Season by winning that lost First Division spot for Blackpool.

It's been a switchback career which first took him to the summit for a Scottish cap against The Swiss, when the legendary George Young was skipper, and Derby County's Billy Steel was another star in the home attack.

He was minding his own business while playing great stuff for East Fife, when Harry Evans, Blackpool's greatest chairman, sensed the possibilities, and Joe Smith, one of Bolton's heroes at Wembley's 'White Horse' final with West Ham, was instructed to sign the youngster.

The transfer fee was £26,000. Not much by present day standards. But it was then only £3,000 short of the record figure which Sunderland had paid Aston Villa for Trevor Ford, just two months earlier. And I remember old Joe, who had jibbed at the price, saying to me some time afterwards that he wished he'd signed him three years sooner.

It was a good move for Brown, because the Bloomfield Road club was packed with talent, those days. Remember? There was goalkeeper George Farm and Harry Johnston, Jimmy Armfield, Tom Garrett, Hugh Kelly, Stan Mathews, Ernie Taylor, Stan Mortensen, Jackie Mudie and Bill Perry — all internationals.

Everything seemed set fair. Unfortunately, injuries twice knocked him for six, scoring out vital Cup final dates. He missed the 1951 contest with Newcastle United, and then a Wembley appearance against Bolton, two years later.

Sitting out the 'Derby' tie was especially maddening. For his quarter final goal against Arsenal had paved the way for the Sensiders third appearance between the famous twin towers.

Brown had been in top form that cold February day at Highbury, and the team was in happy mood — but he broke a leg in piercing The Gunners' defence and, therefore, was merely a 'final' spectator all over again.

Despite these blows, there were happy times during a stay of seven seasons on The Fylde, during which time the big feller made nearly 200 Cup and League appearances, and scored over 80 goals.

It's agreed he has the playing experience for correct background. And, so far as I'm concerned, he also possesses the managerial know-how. For, at varying periods, he's had charge of Nottingham Forest, Luton Town, Bury, Torquay and Southport.

Occasionally, the luck has changed viciously. Now, it is to be earnestly hoped, that Allan Brown, the Scot, who has almost become a Sassenach, wins that King size battle of Scotch, and the £1,000 cheque that goes with it next May.

Usually a man of few words, the new boss admits he favours attacking football, and aims to be a buyer himself rather than a seller in the transfer market.

There's a double target ahead. Promotion *and* a team like the great one he used to figure in during the tremendous 50s.

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Giles makes plans

JOHNNY GILES, the new King of the Midlands, is busily completing plans for proudly marching the West Bromwich boys back into the First Division, and then facing a new, personal challenge to a tremendous sporting life

He recognises that the greatest task is just ahead. It was difficult hauling the team out of the Second Division, but it's going to be a damn sight harder keeping them up among Europe's elite.

Fortunately, this 35-year-old product of Dublin's famous Home Farm club, is fully aware of the unrelenting struggle of the power outfits in the championship circle, and the additional fact that he will be fighting through a season of remarkable nostalgia.

Nothing less. For when both Southampton and Bolton slipped in the closing stages of the promotion battle, just a few months ago, and the men from The Hawthorns joined Sunderland and Bristol City on the gravy train, it meant he was moving up once more among all the good friends of years.

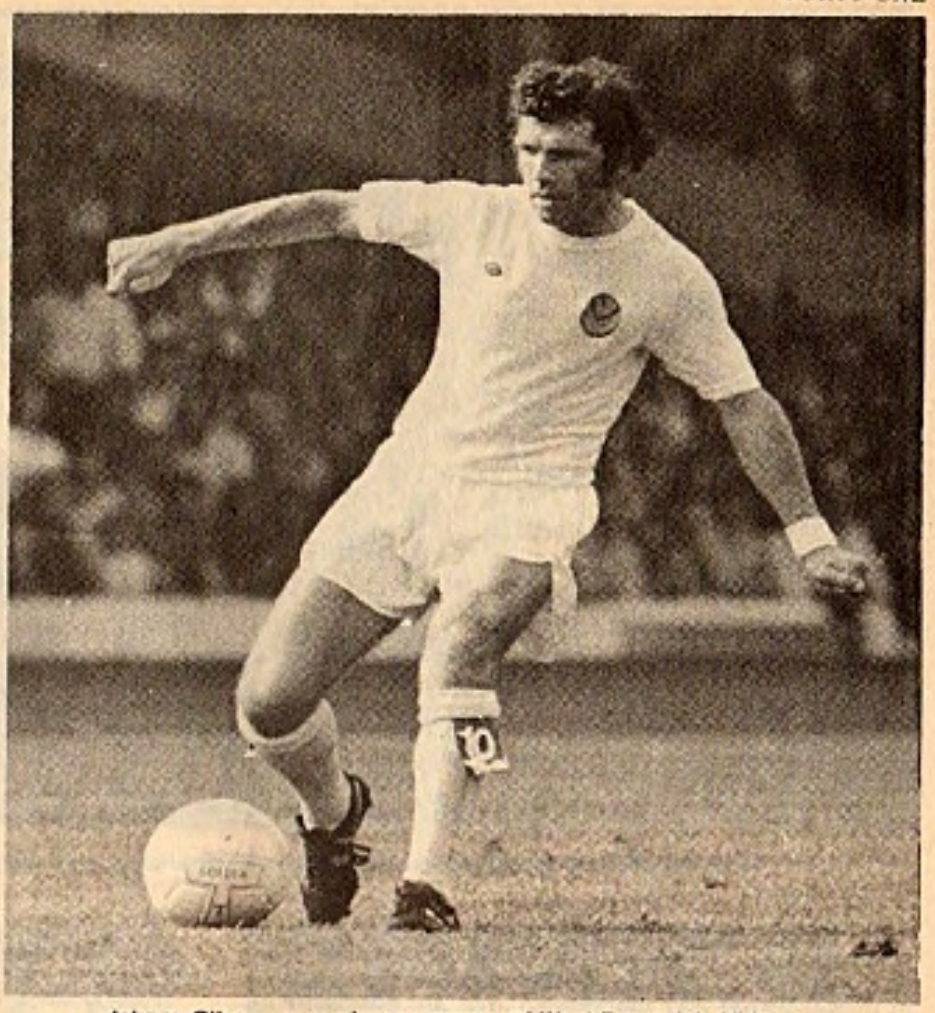
In the first place, they'll be waiting with a warm welcome at Old Trafford, and no doubt remembering the debut of an eager beaver of a teenager surrounded by stars of many countries.

Those were the Busby trophy days, you may remember, when such internationals as Harry Gregg, Noel Cantwell, Maurice Setters, Nobby Stiles, Dennis Viollet, Bobby Charlton, Bill Foulkes, Denis Law, David Herd, Pat Crerand and Jimmy Nicholson were around.

It was an exciting period during which he picked up a Cup winners medal at No 7 in United's Wembley triumph over Leicester. Yet everything ended after a mere four years, when there were goodbyes galore, and a move over The Pennines to Leeds.

That was a transfer which proved excellent in many ways. For during the next twelve years of the Irishman's footballing service the Elland Road club were League champions, and, if you please, F.A. and Fairs Cup winners also.

His new circle of friends expanded gradually until the Christmas mail became so heavy with seasonal good wishes that I thought it surprising the postman didn't stage a protest sit-down until learning that the overburdened official was a Giles fan.



Johnny Giles — now player-manager of West Bromwich Albion.

Johnny's teams during the Don Revie rule were again colourful, and including Gary Sprake, Terry Cooper, Jack Charlton, Billy Bremner, Paul Madeley, Norman Hunter, Bobby Collins, Mike O'Grady, Eddie Gray, and Allan Clarke. Once more, he was a member of a well 'capped' family.

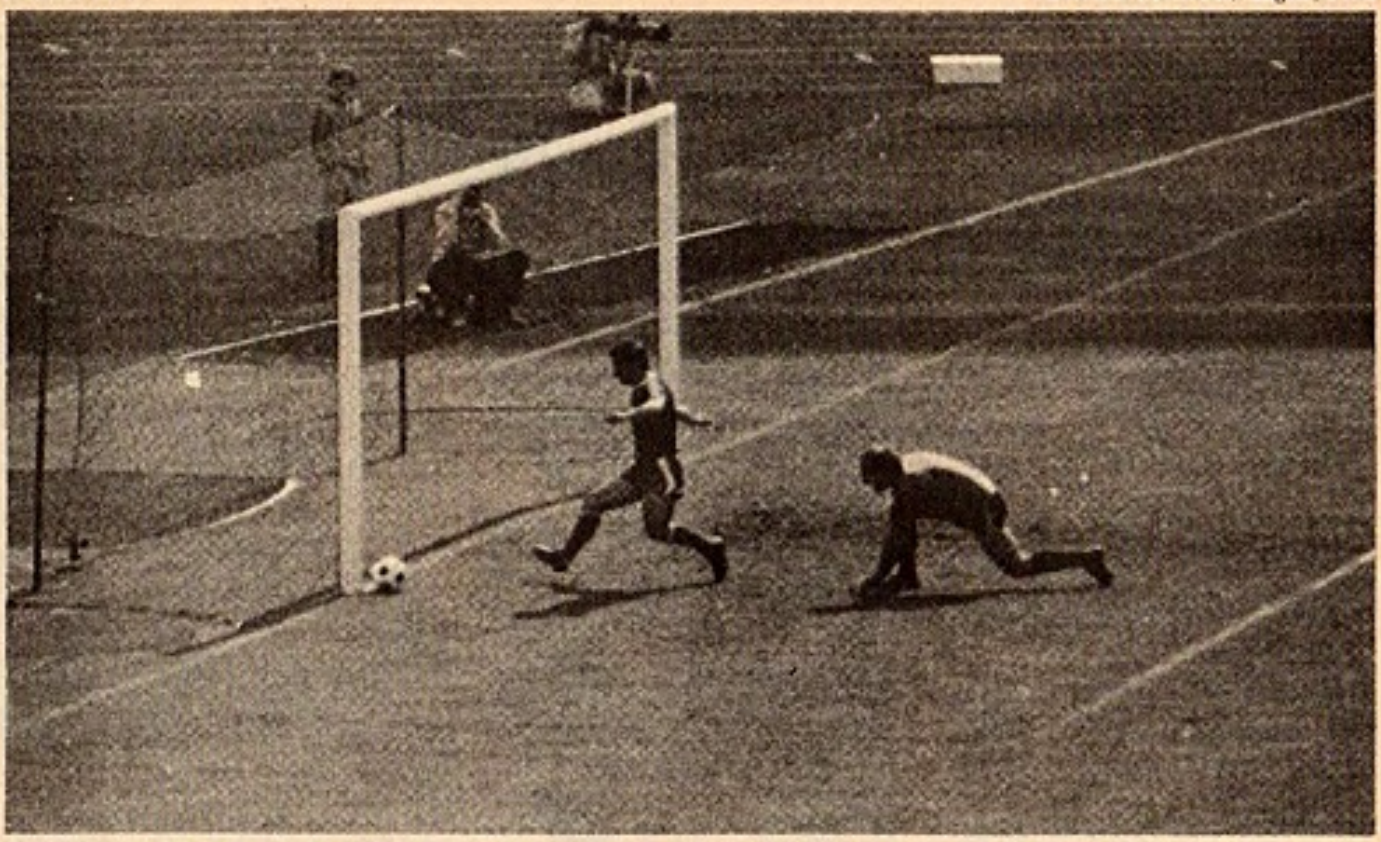
The next move provided a one-way ticket to the ground where the throstle used to sing, and a dual post carrying a brief for regaining a lost spot, a mission achieved within the shortest possible period.

There may be sufficient of interest there for Eamonn Andrews to present his famous show piece. Yet it doesn't tell the whole story. There are still two more chapters. And one features Nobby Stiles, whom the South Americans dubbed "The Assassin" during the World Cup tournament of 1966.

Nobby, the brother-in-law, possesses that priceless prize a European Cup-winners medal. The wife's brother hasn't got one of those coveted awards because he left the Stretford Enders just a bit too early.

Finally, we look ahead to the new season for material for that last chapter. And we note that on the opening day, later this month, Leeds United will have the honour of staging a home game — and the visitors will be Johnny Giles' West Bromwich. NOSTALGIA!

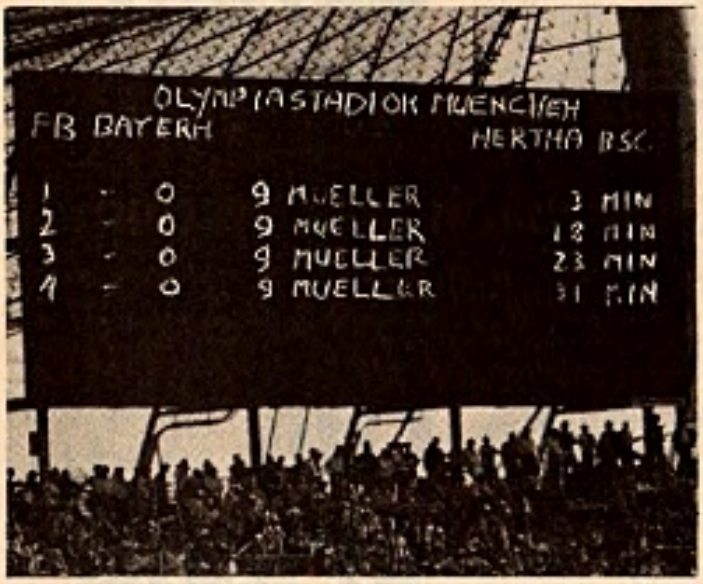
TOUGH TASK FOR ALBION



Hertha goalkeeper Wolter watches helplessly as Muller latches on to a rebound to put his side 4-0 up.

THERE ARE two kinds of soccer supporters — those who follow their team through thick and thin, savouring each victory and wallowing in self-pity at every defeat and those who love the game for its own sake and will go anywhere to see it played at its best.

The latter variety, amongst whom I include myself, probably endure as much in a season as the supporters of any team fighting relegation — a depressing series of matches following a stereotyped pattern in which the odd player who shows a flash of intelligence or imagination stands out like an oasis in a desert.



The scoreboard says it all. Bomber Gerd Muller is on top form again.

But just occasionally something happens — a match of outstanding quality or an individual performance of sheer genius which leaves the neutral spectator convinced that it is no mirage and that watching soccer is ultimately rewarding after all.

That something happened for me and, no doubt, for many others in the 21,000 crowd at Munich's Olympic Stadium where Bayern were playing their last *Bundesliga* match of the season against Hertha Berlin.

A supposedly dull, defensive Bayern side, written off by many experts as lucky to win three European Cups in a row, turned on the magic, led six-nil at the interval before winning seven-four. And with five Gerd Muller goals thrown in for good measure, who could ask for anything more?

It was naturally Muller's day. After several weeks of waiting impatiently for his 300th *Bundesliga* goal, he suddenly whisked his tally right up to 304.

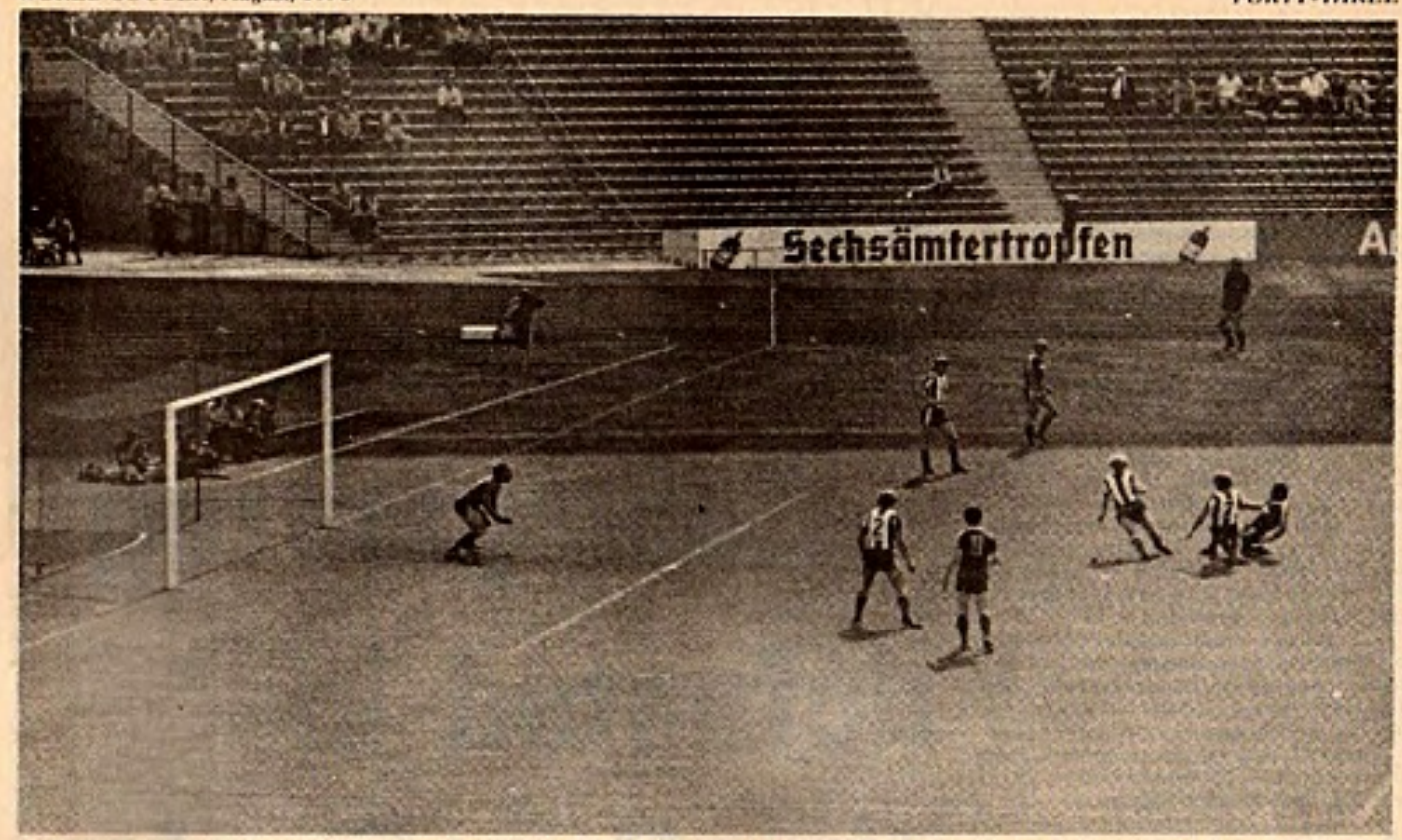
by Paul Radford

The all-important goal number 300 wasn't long in coming. After only three minutes play Kaiser Franz Beckenbauer arrogantly brought the ball up to the edge of the Hertha penalty area, did a one-two with Muller in a space packed with defenders and found himself in a perfect scoring position.

But Beckenbauer was in no mood to grab the glory. He slipped the ball straight back to Muller who tucked it just inside the right-hand post. It was a shot which Hertha keeper Wolter might have saved. As it is the keeper's name is destined for the record books for it was also against Wolter that Muller scored first *Bundesliga* goal back in 1965!

With the tension of waiting for the 300th goal over, Bomber Muller set about destroying the Hertha defence and by the 31st minute he had taken his personal tally to four.

The goals included a brilliant dribble through the defence followed by an angled shot, a penalty and a 'soft' goal when he poked the ball into an empty net from about six inches out after Schwarzenbeck's shot hit the post.



Muller doesn't need much room to score goals. The ball (hidden by a defender) is again on its way to the back of the net from the famous Muller right foot.

MULLER SCORES GOAL NO 300...

It's been said often enough before, but it bears repeating, that it's Muller's instinct for goal which gives so many apparently easy chances. In this case he was so quick to pounce on the ball that there wasn't a Hertha defender, apart from the luckless Wolter, within ten yards.

Muller's fifth goal didn't come till just before the end of the game but it was as illuminating of his incredible ability as any of the others.

With Bayern pushing up towards the Hertha penalty area Muller suddenly sprinted off from the edge of the box on a diagonal run towards the right-hand post. The ball was pushed outside him and he screwed round brilliantly to put it home first time inside the far post.

This diagonal run to the right is a favourite Muller move and his speed off the mark often puts him a yard ahead of the man marking him, leaving him free to take the ball in his stride and place it inside the near post. And even if the defender is good enough to stay with him he has this amazing gift which allows him to swivel so fast that he can play the ball inside his man and towards the far post.

This ability to swivel and shoot gave Muller the goal which beat Holland in the World Cup Final, if you remember. Although he made it look so simple, I doubt if any other player in the world would have scored it.

Apart from his 304 *Bungesliga* goals, Muller's scoring record includes 68 in internationals, 51 in European Cup ties, 59 in German cup ties and 60 in other competitions — a grand total of 542. His goals against Hertha marked the third occasion on which he has netted five times in a *Bundesliga* fixture. I'm glad I was there.

Although Muller stole most of the headlines after the match it was a privilege to see Beckenbauer performing at his incomparable best. Pushing forward consistently in the first half and effortlessly spraying perfectly flighted long balls down the wings he caused panic in the Hertha defence.

Bayern began to lose their grip in the second half after Beckenbauer sustained a shoulder injury and it says much for Kaiser Franz's effectiveness in defence that three of Hertha's goals came in the last 12 minutes when Beckenbauer had been substituted.

I can't remember the last time an English crowd had the pleasure of seeing eleven goals in a First Division game. English supporters might be even more envious to learn that 43 goals were scored in the nine *Bundesliga* games at the end of the season — an average of almost five per match!

The average number of goals per game in West Germany works out at 3.27 for the season compared with the rather paltry figure of 2.66 in England, so it's overstating the truth to say that more goals are needed in the English game. Bayern (such a defensive side!) actually scored more goals in their 34 league matches than any English First Division Club (except for Derby County) did in 42.

News from Hungary by Leslie Vernon

Ferencvaros clinch double —Zalaegerszeg defeated in the Cup Final

HAJRA FRADI! The green-and-whites have clinched their 22nd Hungarian Championship, won the Cup, and have re-established themselves as the premier club of that once truly powerful football nation. Following a scary mid-season slump, Ferencvaros came good again in the closing stages, when they drew 1-1 with arch-rivals Videoton and then in an emotional finale defeated Zalaegerszeg 3-1.

In this away fixture, watched by a capacity 22,000 people, the title clinching goals arrived during a five minutes' spell, when Ebedli, Nyilasi and Szabo scored. One must congratulate coach Jeno Dalnoki, who took an enormous risk a couple of seasons ago, when he drastically rejuvenated the side.

Established internationals were discarded, a new style based on speed and total commitment was devised, and Dalnoki's tough disciplinary methods have kept the players on a tight rein.

Despite this draconian approach, team spirit remained extremely high, true to the old style Fradi tradition.

Authority

Unhappily, in more recent times, player-power has ruled the roost, an old-boy network made up of cliques jealous of their own status, have habitually undermined the authority of previous managers.

But now, with Dalnoki firmly in control, the future looks bright — the current Ferencvaros team might even mount a serious challenge for the European Cup.

This was their regular eleven during the triumphant '75/76 season: Jozsef Hajdu (30 years old) — Gyozo Martos (27, —), Laszlo Balint (28, 8 goals), Tibor Rab (21, —), Istvan Magyesi (27, 1) — Tibor Nyilasi (20, 12), Zoltan Ebedli (21, 3), Jozsef Mucha (24, 5) — Laszlo Pusztai (30, 8), Ferenc Szabo (19, 15), Istvan Magyar (20, 7).

Last chance

Videoton finished second — their highest ever position, the fading Dozsa were third, and the faltering Honved fourth. Vasas preserved their supporters' loyalty by a strong finish, which put them just out of the medals and a place in Europe. They muffed their last chance in the Liberation Cup, when they lost the Final against Dozsa.

This competition, which will be contested by Under 21 teams in the future, was worth a UEFA-Cup place, and the Final was quite a well attended (15,000), keenly contested affair. Andras Toth put the lilac-and-whites ahead, Kovacs equalized, then sub. Bene and Fazekas, from a penalty, gave Dozsa an unassailable lead.

A late Zombori goal was — too late! I shall deal with the lessons learnt from the past season next month — now it is sufficient to say that there has been a marked improvement in the standard of football compared with recent campaigns, and also as far as the entertainment value of the games was concerned.

Sweeper

Lajos Szucs was selected by the sports-writers as the "Player of the Year", and the veteran Honved sweeper is included in this team of the season: Vereb (DVTK) — Torok (Vasas), Balint (Ferencvaros), Szucs, Toth (Tatabanya) — Nyilasi (Ferencvaros), Karsai (Videoton), Mucha (Ferencvaros) — Kovacs (Vasas), Torocsik (Dozsa), Szalmasy (Videoton).

Laszlo Fazekas topped the goalscoring chart with the meagre total of 19 goals, followed by Weimper on 17, Szabo and Kovacs of Vasas, got 15 each.

The Hungarian F.A., although convinced that they are on the right road to recovery, have introduced a number of changes for next season which they hope will have beneficial effects. I have already mentioned the age limit imposed on the Liberation Cup, which will ease the fixture congestion.

On the other hand, the number of teams in the First Division has been increased to 18 — an escape hatch for Bekescsaba and Szeged, 15th and last respectively, plus the arrival of promoted Dunaujvaros and Dorog. The early stages of the Cup will be played-off in mini-leagues, and the internationals will train together *every Monday*, irrespective of club commitments. The aim is World Cup qualification!

The next league season will open on August 20 and finish on December 4. Internationals — Sept. 8 Stockholm v. Sweden. Sept. 22 v. E. Germany (a), October 9 v. Greece (W.C.) in Athens, October 13 Vienna v. Austria, October 27 v. Uruguay (h), November 17 v. Poland (h).

Programme

A difficult programme, but the Magyars' 1976 record is surprisingly good so far. Of the six games played, they won four (Switzerland, Argentina, France and Austria) and drew two (USSR, Yugoslavia). Needless to say that the U-23's finished second in the European Championship. The dreaded Russians drew 1-1 at Budapest, and then clinched the trophy at Moscow by winning 2-1!

A pity that the Magyars couldn't defend this title wholly successfully, but to be runners-up was still quite an achievement.

STRIKERS

• Continued from page 31

It is very much easier to compare two other almost equally good top continental strikers, Oleg Blokhin and Rob Rensenbrink. For a start they are naturally left footed left wingers. They are quick, with Blokhin having perhaps a slight edge; they are skilful with the ball, know when to hold it and when to part with it wisely for the good of the team as a whole to the benefit of a colleague, but they also know when to go on alone and score.

Blokhin, being younger and less experienced, lacks I believe the utter confidence of Rensenbrink who will take his time when he knows he has it to spare and then make sure with a thunderbolt shot. Blokhin still misses a high proportion of his chances because he snatches at them. Put another way, where Rensenbrink scores goals as calmly as a snooker player pocketing a pink, Blokhin still hasn't learned to take his time with his finishing when he has it — and equally, he delays his shots too long sometimes and does get caught.

Longer in the tooth, Rensenbrink without being old, has the edge in finishing and in team play because he's been around in the top level game longer. Blokhin has the advantage in sheer pace and the ability to take people on at top speed and one hopes will get even better with a little more time.

To compare with these two we haven't anyone in Britain for left wingers of real quality just do not exist ...with no apologies to Manchester United fans. We have neither a Muller, a Blokhin nor a Rensenbrink in Britain, let alone England, while on the continent they have many more close behind the top craftsmen.

We have many popular strikers — Malcolm Macdonald, Duncan McKenzie and Don Givens to name just three, but not one is world class.

The trio I took to compare with Muller, Rensenbrink and Blokhin were Keegan, Pearson and Channon, currently the first choices for England up front. Keegan I've mentioned briefly but what I haven't said is that he's lively, and busy, skilful and quick, with an enthusiasm for the game and a clear joy in scoring goals. Five England forwards like him wouldn't blend, but all the others could benefit from getting some of his *joie de vivre* and now having served the apprenticeship that it seems to me all England players have to go through, he is at last beginning to show his best club form for England.

Channon on the other hand is an enigma. He has talent to be sure, though many people equate skill with being good and a high degree of skill as great. To me, skill alone is never enough — it has to be allied to craft, to technical knowledge, to knowing how to use one's skill, how, where and when.

If Keegan feeds off others to some degree, Channon feeds off others to an almost unbelievable degree, yet conversely he is also an individualist. Too much so at times for my liking. And, another important aspect, he simply doesn't do enough. On a day when Channon doesn't score he might as well not have played, whereas with other truly great players — feinting over a pass to leave a colleague with an open goal — it is often what they don't do that makes them great.

In Channon's case it is what he doesn't do that is his failing. He doesn't show himself for forward passes from midfield and defence, he doesn't lay off good balls to supporting players and he doesn't make angled runs across the front line pulling defenders out of position and seeking good positions. He's a lone wolf, waiting for the ball to arrive on his head or at his feet.

Tragically for Channon, he's probably never been coached or perhaps he's been over-coached at the wrong things. At all events, he has never looked to me to be remotely at home in international football, particularly against continental sides.

Stuart Pearson is another matter altogether, a player I feel with a big future if he lives up to his promise. He shows well, is easy to find from deep positions and very important, he lays off a good ball first time. Like the old style centre forwards who led the line by playing balls to the wings and looking for the return to convert a cross into a goal, Pearson leads with his strength, his skill, chases everything, takes up good positions, wide as well as in the centre and above all perhaps, close to goal he's able to try the unorthodox, meeting a short cross from the wing and hitting a full volley on the turn.

Of all the front players Don Revie has tried in full internationals McDonald, Johnson, Boyer, Worthington, Clarke, Tueart and Taylor, Keegan is the most experienced and having seen in other players how important it is to get a good few games under your belt he should be the most advanced. To his credit, Keegan is the one true England striker who is now proving himself.

I have the feeling too that if Pearson is persevered with, he will make it, perhaps doing so in fewer games than the average England player. But Channon has been round long enough and doesn't look to me as if he will ever fill the bill as an England class player and above all, unlike Keegan and Pearson who I think just might do it, I don't feel he'll ever bear comparison with the likes of Blokhin, Rensenbrink and Gerd Muller.

SHOP WINDOW

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I AM 19 YEARS OF AGE, and very interested in Spanish football. I would like to correspond with anyone of about the same age from Spain who supports F.C. Barcelona. S J Haydon, 31 Hewett Road, Northend, Portsmouth PO2 0QR.

I WOULD LIKE TO CORRESPOND with anyone who is interested in European League Football and exchange information, if interested please contact, Ian Hemmens, 13 Perth Avenue, Kingspark, Bradford 2, BD2IEE, West Yorkshire, England.

FOR SALE: Thousands of English League programmes, from the late 1950's to date. Large stocks of almost every club available. Also, Non-League and Big Match programmes for sale, all at very reasonable prices. Please send a large s.a.e. for recent catalogue to; Frank Campbell, 283 Kingsacre Road, Bankhead, Rutherglen, Glasgow G73 2EN.

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1976/77 PROGRAMMES. Send s.a.e. for latest list containing League, Non-League Scottish, Internationals, and Cup games. Peter Holtom, 72 Henderson Road, Forest Gate, London E.7.8.E.F.

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FOR SALE: or in exchange for above progs can offer — Soccer Star — March 1968 — June 1970 (most copies): World Soccer December 1971 — December 1973, and various Dutch, German and South American soccer magazines or Tennis World July 1969 — February 1970 and July 1970 — August 1971. D. S. Brown, 44 Castle Warren Rd, Dunnamanagh, Strabane, Co. Tyrone, N. Ireland.

World Soccer's up the World Cup fi ARGENT

ASIA

Winners of Groups I to IV to be known by 31.3.77

OCEANIA

Winner to be known by 31.7.77

Group I	Group II	Group III	Group IV	
Hong Kong	Israel	Iran	Bahrain	Australia
Indonesia	Japan	Iraq	Kuwait	New Zealand
Malaysia	DPR Korea	Saudi Arabia	Un. Ar. Emir.	Taiwan
Thailand	Rep. Korea	Syria	Qatar	
Singapore				
Sri Lanka				
1 winner	1 winner	1 winner	1 winner	Winner Oceania

1.4 to 31.7.77

Winner ASIA

1.8 to 30.11.77

Qualified for Argentina

CONCACAF

Caribbean Area:

Group 1: by 31.8.76 — Guyana, Surinam* → Winner Group 1

Group 2: Trinidad*, Barbados → Winner Group 2*

Winner I-A

Group 3: by 30.4.76 — Haiti*, Dominican Republic → Winner; Netherlands Antilles* → Winner Group 3*

Group 4: by 31.12.76 — Jamaica, Cuba* → Winner Group 4

Winner I-B

Mick Channon steers in England's third goal against Finland in their World Cup match.

EUROPE

Group 1

23.5.76 Cyprus v. Denmark
16.10.76 Portugal v. Poland
27.10.76 Denmark v. Cyprus
31.10.76 Poland v. Cyprus
17.11.76 Portugal v. Denmark
5.12.76 Cyprus v. Portugal
1.5.77 Denmark v. Poland
15.5.77 Cyprus v. Poland
21.9.77 Poland v. Denmark
9.10.77 Denmark v. Poland
29.10.77 Poland v. Portugal
16.11.77 Portugal v. Cyprus

Group 2

13.6.76 Finland 1, England 4
22.9.76 Finland v. Luxembourg
13.10.76 England v. Finland
16.10.76 Luxembourg v. Italy
17.11.76 Italy v. England
30.3.77 England v. Luxembourg
26.5.77 Luxembourg v. Finland
8.6.77 Finland v. Italy
12.10.77 Luxembourg v. England
15.10.77 Italy v. Finland
16.11.77 England v. Italy
3.12.77 Italy v. Luxembourg

Group 3

31.10.76 Turkey v Malta.
17.11.76 German DR v Turkey.
5.12.76 Malta v Austria.
2. 4.77 Malta v German DR.
17. 4.77 Austria v Turkey.
30. 4.77 Austria v Malta.
24. 9.77 Austria v German DR.
12.10.77 German DR v Austria.
29.10.77 German DR v Malta.
30.10.77 Turkey v Austria.
16.11.77 Turkey v German DR.
27.11.77 Malta v Turkey.

Group 4

5. 9.76 Iceland v Belgium.
8. 9.76 Iceland v Netherlands.
13.10.76 Netherlands v Northern Ireland.
10.11.76 Belgium v Northern Ireland.
26. 3.77 Belgium v Netherlands.
11. 6.77 Iceland v Northern Ireland.
31. 8.77 Netherlands v Iceland.
4. 9.77 Belgium v Iceland.
21. 9.77 Northern Ireland v Netherlands.
26.10.77 Netherlands v Belgium.
16.11.77 Northern Ireland v Belgium.

Group 5

9.10.76 Bulgaria v France.
17.11.76 France v Eire.
30. 3.77 Eire v France.
1. 6.77 Bulgaria v Eire.
12.10.77 Eire v Bulgaria.
16.11.77 France v Bulgaria.

Group 6

16.6.76 Sweden v. Norway
8.9.76 Norway v. Switzerland
9.10.76 Switzerland v. Sweden
8.6.77 Sweden v. Switzerland
7.9.77 Norway v. Sweden
30.10.77 Switzerland v. Norway

-to-date guide on xtures and dates INA '78

Argentina'78

Group 7
13.10.76 Czechoslovakia v Scotland.
17.11.76 Scotland v Wales.
30. 3.77 Wales v Czechoslovakia.
21. 9.77 Scotland v Czechoslovakia.
12.10.77 Wales v Scotland.
16.11.77 Czechoslovakia v Wales.

Group 8
16. 4.77 Rumania v Spain.
8. 5.77 Yugoslavia v Rumania.
26.10.77 Spain v Rumania.
13.11.77 Rumania v Yugoslavia.

Group 9
9.10.76 Greece v Hungary.
24. 4.77 USSR v Greece.
30. 4.77 Hungary v USSR.
10. 5.77 Greece v USSR.
18. 5.77 USSR v Hungary.
25. 5.77 Hungary v Greece.

CONCACAF
(extra preliminary matches)
Northern Area
24, 25, 26.9.76 Canada v USA.
1, 2, 3.10.76 USA v Mexico.
11.10.76 Canada v Mexico.
15.10.76 Mexico v USA.
20.10.76 USA v Canada.
27.10.76 Mexico v Canada.

Central Area
4. 4.76 Panama 3, Costa Rica 2.
2. 5.76 Panama 1, El Salvador 1.
11. 7.76 Costa Rica v Panama.
1. 8.76 El Salvador v Palma.
17. 9.76 Panama v Guatemala.
26. 9.76 Guatemala v Panama.
1.12.76 El Salvador v Costa Rica.
5.12.76 Costa Rica v Guatemala.
8.12.76 Guatemala v El Salvador.
12.12.76 Guatemala v Costa Rica.
17.12.76 Costa Rica v El Salvador.
19.12.76 El Salvador v Guatemala.

Caribbean Area
2. 4.76 Dom. Republic 0, Haiti 3.
17. 4.76 Haiti 3, Dom. Republic 0.
4. 7.76 Guyana v Surinam.
31. 7.76 N. Antilles v Haiti.
14. 8.76 Haiti v N. Antilles.
15. 8.76 Barbados v Trinidad/Tobago.
15. 8.76 Jamaica v Cuba.
29. 8.76 Cuba v Jamaica.
31. 8.76 Trinidad/Tobago v Barbados.

AFRICA
Extra Preliminary Round
7. 3.76 Sierra Leone 5, Niger 1.
21. 3.76 Niger 2, Sierra Leone 1.
13. 3.76 Upper Volta 1, Mauritania 1.
28. 3.76 Mauritania 0, Upper Volta 2.

First Round
1. 4.76 Algeria 1, Libya 0.
16. 4.76 Libya 0, Algeria 0.
9. 5.76 Zambia 4, Malawi 0.
30. 5.76 Malawi 0, Zambia 1.
4. 9.76 Upper Volta v Ivory Coast.
16. 9.76 Ivory Coast v Upper Volta.

AFRICA

Extra Preliminary Time limit: 31.3.76	1st Round Time Limit: 31.10.76	2nd Round Time limit: 28.2.77	3rd Round Time limit: 31.7.77	Concluding Matches Time limit: 30.11.77
	1. Algeria* Libya	Algeria		
	2. Morocco* Tunisia	*		
	3. Senegal* Togo	*		I
	4. Ghana Guinea		*	
	5. Zaire* Central Africa	*		
Sierra Leone* Niger	6. Sierra Leone Nigeria		*	
	7. Congo* Cameroon			II
Mauritania Upper Volta*	8. Upper Volta* Ivory Coast	*		
	9. Egypt* Ethiopia			
	10. Kenya	Kenya *	*	
	11. Uganda* Tanzania	*		III
	12. Zambia* Malawi			

ASIA/OCEANIA
3. 7.76 Australia v New Zealand.
6. 7.76 Taiwan v Australia.
10. 7.76 Australia v Taiwan.
13. 7.76 N. Zealand v Taiwan.
17. 7.76 N. Zealand v Australia.
20. 7.76 Taiwan v N. Zealand.

Follow the World Cup trail every month in World Soccer

URUGUAY OUT OF OLYMPICS

THE SURPRISE withdrawal of Uruguay from the Olympic Football Tournament after having taken the trouble to qualify left FIFA in a difficult position coming as it did after the draw has been made and publicised.

First Argentina were offered the vacancy as the team finished third in the South American region, and after they had turned it down FIFA turned to Colombia, the fourth placed team. But Colombia also declined.

Finally the place was offered to Cuba as the team narrowly eliminated in the CONCACAF region. So Cuba will meet Poland in the opening game in the Olympic Stadium in Montreal, a stadium that will be much better prepared for the games than anyone dared hope just six months ago.

Classified Results

ATLANTIC CUP TOURNAMENT
May 19
BRAZIL (0) 2 (Lula, Neca)
ARGENTINA (0) 0
(Also counts as 2nd leg for Roca Cup which Brazil won on 4-1 aggregate)
Brazil: Valdir, Orlando, Jaime, Amaral (Beto), Marco Antonio, Chicao (Falcao), Geraldo, Rivelino, Gil, Neca, Lula.
Argentina: La Volpe, Tarantini, Olguin, Passarella, Carrascosa, Trobbiani, Gallego, Bochini (Alonso), Houseman, Luque (Valencia), Kempes.

PARAGUAY (0) 1 (Solalinde)
URUGUAY (0) 0
(Also counts as 2nd leg for Artigas Cup which Paraguay won on 3-2 aggregate)
Paraguay: Fernandez, Solalinde, Isassi, M. Fleitas, Insfran, Torres, Gonzalez, Rivera (Pesoa), Aquino (R. Fleitas), Diaz, Baez.
Uruguay: Corbo, Roux, De los Santos, Salomon, Ramirez, Duarte, Carrasco, Pereyra, Muñiz, Reverria, Abalda (Rodriguez).

June 9
URUGUAY (0) 0
ARGENTINA (3) 3
(Luque, Kempas, Houseman)
(Also counts for Newton Cup. Correction: First Atlantic Cup match in Buenos Aires also counted for Lipton Cup (not Roca Cup) which was won 4-1 by Argentina)
Uruguay: Corbo, Ramirez, Olivera, Chagas (De los Santos), Faral, Unanue, Keosseian, Gimenez, Rodriguez, Morena, Moreyra (Victorino).
Argentina: Gatti, Tarantini, Olguin, Passarella, Carrascosa, Andilos, Gallego, Bochini, Houseman (Baley who replaced sent off Gatti), Luque (Scotta), Kempes.

BRAZIL (1) 3 (Roberto 2, Zico)
PARAGUAY (0) 1 (Diaz)
(Also counts as 2nd leg of Osvaldo Cruz Cup which Brazil won 4-2 on aggregate)
Brazil: Leao, Getulio, Miguel (Beto), Fuscao, Marco Antonio, Givanildo, Geraldo (Neca), Zico, Gil, Roberto, Flecha (Edu).

Independiente's dangerous centre-forward Astegiano leaps in the air to get past a Penarol defender in the Libertadores Cup semi-final group match in Buenos Aires in which the Argentine Cup holders beat the Uruguayan champions 1-0.

Paraguay: Fernandez, Solalinde, Isassi, Insfran, M. Fleitas, Torres, Gonzalez, Rivera (Pesoa), Aquino, Paniagua (Diaz), Baez.

Final standings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Brazil	6	5	1	0	12	5	13*
Argentina	6	3	1	2	13	9	9*
Paraguay	6	1	3	2	9	11	5
Uruguay	6	0	1	5	5	14	1

* Two extra points each for winning by more than one goal margins twice.
Leading scorers: Kempes (A) 6, Scotta (A) and Zico (B) 4, Aquino (P) 3.

LIBERTADORES CUP
(South American Club Championship)
Semi-final Group 1
May 21
CRUZEIRO (Brazil (2) 7
(Jairzinho 4, Palinha 2, Eduardo)
ALIANZA LIMA (Peru) (1) 1 (Cueto)
Cruzeiro: Raul, Nelinho, Morais, Darci Meneses, Mariano, Piazza, Ze Carlos (Isidoro), Eduardo (Ronaldo), Palinha, Jairzinho, Joazinho.
Alianza: Gonzalez (Candia), Palacios, Castillo, Salguero, Ramirez, Augusto Palacios, Duarte, Cueto, Rabello, Suarez, Lobatón.

May 30
CRUZEIRO (Brazil) (1) 4
(Palinha 2, Nelinho pen, Jairzinho)
LIGA DEPORTIVA UNIVERSITARIA (Ecuador) (1) 1 (Tapia)
Cruzeiro: Raul, Nelinho, Morais, Osires (Darci Meneses), Vanderlei, Piazza (Valdo), Eduardo, Silva, Palinha, Jairzinho, Ronaldo.
L.D. Universitaria: Leyes, Moreno, De Carlos, Villena, Tobar, Gomez (Rivadeneira), Suzman, Aguirre, Scalise (J. Tapia), Carrera, G. Tapia.

Standings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Cruzeiro (Brazil)	4	4	0	0	18	3	8
L D Univ (Ecuad)	3	1	0	2	4	8	2
Alian Lima (Peru)	3	0	0	3	2	13	0

Semi-final Group 2
May 28
INDEPENDIENTE (Argentina) (0) 1
(Bochini)
PENAROL (Uruguay (0) 0
Independiente: Quiroga, Bertolé, Villaverde, Trossero, Pavoni, Semenewicz, Galvan, Bochini, Rojas (Saggionato), Astegiano, Bertoni.
Peñarol: Corbo, Gonzalez, Olivera, Garisto, Faral, Acosta, Unanue, Soryez, Pizzani (Acuña), Morena, Jimenez.

June 15
PENAROL (Uruguay (1) 1 (Gimenez)
RIVER PLATE (Argentina) (0) 0
Peñarol: Corbo, Gonzalez, Olivera, Garisto, Faral, Gimenez (Cruz), Acosta, Unanue, Acuña, Morena, Pizzani (Silva).
River Plate: Fillol, Comelles, Perfumo, Passarella, H. Lopez, J. Lopez, Merlo, Alonso, Gonzalez (Sabella), Luque, Reinaldi.

game in Tampa against the Rowdies with both Pele and Chinaglia rarely in the game. The man who caught the eye here was Derek Smethurst who notched a hat trick. Incidentally I am not sure if this was a soccer game interrupted by commercials or a long series of commercials interrupted by a soccer game.

The Champion Tampa Bay Rowdies have also been having their problems this season especially away from home and this has left the door open for the surprising Washington Diplomats. Dennis Viollet's team has no outstanding players in contrast to their opponents but he has been getting outstanding efforts from players like goalkeeper Eric Martin, defenders Roy Ellam and Tom McConville and strikers Paul Cannell and Leroy DeLeon.

Philadelphia have been improving of late and so have Miami but neither club looks likely to challenge the front three for a play off spot. Miami recently signed Jim Holton the Manchester United and Scottish international player, and have been using him as a centre striker.

The Western Division too is a tight

● Continued from page 21

race with Minnesota surprising every one, no doubt to the delight of their coach Freddie Goodwin. Minnesota recently beat the league attendance record for a single game when 46,164 showed up inevitably for a game with the New York Cosmos. The previous record of 42,611 had been set just three days before in Tampa and yes you've guessed it Pele and the Cosmos were the visitors there to.

With Minnesota on top of the Western Division Vancouver have slipped and in turn allowed Seattle to catch up. The Sounders have strengthened their team by signing Eric Skeels and Jimmy Robertson from Stoke City but inconsistancy is still Seattle's big problem.

St. Louis, where coach John Sewell is still sticking to his 'mainly American' policy is making a move leaving last years beaten finalists the Portland Timber on the bottom. For St Louis U.S. international Al Trost continues to prove his worth being among the leagues top scorers despite operating in midfield.

Standings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Independ (Argen)	2	1	1	0	1	0	3
Peñarol (Uruguay)	2	1	0	1	1	1	2
River Plate (Arg)	2	0	1	1	0	1	1

INTERNATIONAL
June 5
MEXICO (0) 0
BRAZIL (1) 3 (Roberto 2, Gil)

Mexico: Camacho, Rico, Ramos, Sanchez Galindo, Vazquez Ayala, De La Torre (Davila), Chavez, Jimenez, Cardenas, Medina, Cuellar.
Brazil: Leao, Getulio, Miguel, Beto, Marco Antonio, Givanildo, Flecha (Edu), Rivelinho, Roberto, Zico, Gil. (Rivelinho sent off second half.)

OTHER INTERNATIONAL
BRAZIL (0) 2 (Neto, Ziza)
REST OF WORLD (0) 1 (Doval)
(in Rio)

Brazil: Cantarele (Mazaroppi), Toninho, Rondinelli (Carlinhos), Rene, Rodrigues Neto, Clodoaldo (Ademir Da Guia), Paulo Cesar, Vaghinho (Ziza), Luisinho, Dirceu, Carlos Alberto.
Rest: Baley, Galindo, Figueroa, Paolino, Carrascosa, Brindisi, Ardiles, Rocha (Doval), Amancio, Cruyff (Ropero), Cristiani.

CHILE: First Division

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Palestino	10	7	3	0	24	10	17
Union Española	10	6	4	0	22	10	16
Green Cross	10	7	2	1	15	7	16
Everton	10	6	3	1	14	9	15
Universi. de Chile	10	5	3	2	19	14	13
Ovalle	10	5	2	3	17	12	12
Colo Colo	10	4	4	2	16	13	12
Huachipato	10	5	1	4	19	17	11
Wanderers	10	4	3	3	21	16	11
Antofagasta	10	4	3	3	23	18	11
Universi. Catolica	10	3	3	4	15	14	9
Lota Schwager	10	2	3	5	12	16	7
Concepcion	10	2	2	6	12	19	6
Santiago Morning	10	3	0	7	8	15	6
Rangers	10	1	3	6	12	26	5
Aviacion	10	0	5	5	14	23	5
Naval	10	1	2	7	8	18	4
La Serena	10	1	2	7	9	19	4

VENEZUELA: Professional League

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Estudiantes	7	3	4	0	6	3	10
Portuguesa	7	4	2	1	12	6	10
Portugues	7	3	2	2	15	13	8
Galicia	7	2	3	2	9	8	7
Italia	6	2	2	2	7	6	6
Universitario	7	2	1	4	6	13	5
San Cristobal	6	1	2	3	9	11	4
Valencia	7	2	0	5	10	14	4

PARAGUAY: First Division
(end of 1st round — 9 matches)

(1) Cerro Porteño 14pts. (2) Olimpia 13. (3) River Plate 12. (4) Libertad 11. (5) Guarani 10. (6) Luqueño 9. (7) Nacional 8. (8) Rubio Nu, Sol de America 5. (10) Resistencia 3.

COLOMBIA: Campeonato Iniciación

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Millionarios	19	11	4	4	35	17	26
Junior	20	11	4	5	24	15	26
Dep. Cali	20	9	6	4	26	19	24
Nacional	18	8	4	6	24	16	20
Medellin	20	7	6	7	21	25	20
Indepen. Santa Fe	20	6	8	6	18	21	20
Union Magdalena	20	8	3	9	23	24	19
Cucuta	20	6	6	8	21	27	18
Caldas	20	7	4	9	21	26	18
Tolima	20	6	6	8	21	23	18
Pereira	20	5	7	8	22	26	17
Bucaramanga	20	5	7	8	16	21	17
Quindio	20	3	10	7	25	30	16
America	20	7	2	11	28	35	16

URUGUAY: First Division

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Defensor	16	9	4	3	23	19	22
Nacional	16	9	3	4	29	21	21
Peñarol	16	8	4	4	25	17	20
Cerro	16	6	4	6	18	20	16
Danubio	16	5	6	5	20	20	16
Rentistas	16	5	5	6	21	19	15
Wanderers	16	5	5	6	19	20	15
Huracon Buceo	16	4	7	5	23	29	15
Sud America	16	4	6	6	16	21	14
River Plate	16	2	9	5	18	22	13
Liverpool	16	4	5	7	19	20	13
Fenix	16	3	6	7	19	23	12

Relegation table (adding 1975 and 1976 points): Wanderers 34, Rentistas 31, Sud America 28, Fenix 25.

BRAZIL: Carioca League
(1st round — Guanabara Cup)
Final standings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Vasco da Gama*	14	11	2	1	29	6	24
Flamengo*	14	11	2	1	29	9	24
Fluminense	14	10	3	1	33	12	23
America	14	9	4	1	31	9	22
Goitacas	14	4	7	3	12	23	15
Olaria	14	3	8	3	7	9	14
Botafogo	14	5	3	6	18	15	13
Volta Redonda	14	4	5	5	13	16	13
Americano	14	4	5	5	10	14	13
Bonsucesso	14	3	5	6	12	16	11
Sao Cristovao	14	2	7	5	13	21	11
Campo Grande	14	2	4	8	9	18	8
Madureira	14	2	4	8	8	21	8
Bangu	14	0	6	8	8	20	6
Portuguesa	14	1	3	10	7	31	5

*** Vasco da Gama won playoff for title 5-4 on penalties after 1-1 draw (after extra time).**

News review

● **PARAGUAY'S classic rivals, champions Olimpia and vice-champions Cerro Porteño reached the halfway stage of the First Division championship with a 1-1 draw which left Cerro leading by a point from Olimpia.**

● **PERU'S championship finally started on the last Sunday of May with champions Alianze Lima getting off to a good start by winning their first two matches with an 8-0 goals record.**

Others with full points after two matches are Universitario and Cienciano.

● **VENEZUELA'S champions, Deportivo Portuguesa, also top the table at the halfway stage of the eight team professional league, but they lost their unbeaten record 3-2 to Universitario in the last match and were caught up at the top by unbeaten Estudiantes.**

● **ECUADOR'S Nacional de Quito (22 points) — who line up only home players — and Emelec (21) are out on their own after 14 games of the opening championship.**

ARGENTINA:
Metropolitan First Division
(qualifying groups final standings)

Section A	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Huracan	22	15	7	0	47	20	37
Estudiantes La P	22	10	9	3	33	22	29
Independiente	22	9	10	3	37	24	28
Boca Juniors	22	9	7	6	30	22	25
Colon S Fe	22	9	4	9	35	35	22
Rosario Central	22	6	9	7	38	28	21
FC Oeste	22	6	8	8	28	36	20
Banfield	22	4	10	8	29	40	18
Atlanta	22	6	4	12	19	39	16
San Telmo	22	4	7	11	27	37	15
All Boys	22	2	8	12	16	38	12

Section B	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
River Plate	22	12	3	7	43	26	27
Gimnasia La Plata	22	9	8	5	36	29	26
Quilmes	22	10	6	6	36	36	26
San Lorenzo	22	10	5	7	31	29	25
Union S Fe	22	10	4	8	34	23	24
Newell's OB	22	8	8	6	32	28	24
Velez Sarsfield	22	10	3	9	31	27	23
Racing	22	8	5	9	36	37	21
Chacarita Juniors	22	7	4	11	32	43	18
Argentinos Jnrs	22	5	4	13	27	43	14
Temperley	22	3	7	12	21	35	13

Top six of each section go into final round. The other five go into relegation playoff (one club relegated).

● Continued from page 23

themselves up for the matches ahead. Certainly Inter have hardly made much impact on the transfer market. Their main target has been 30-year-old Fiorentina midfielder Claudio Merlo, but that deal has yet to be confirmed. Perhaps the signing by the *Viola* of Steno Gola from Ascoli could open the way for Merlo to move on.

But even that would never be termed a long-term signing for an Inter back in the wars with centre forward Bininsegna, who has asked yet again to be allowed to go.

Milan's new coach, Pippo Marchioro, thinks he is winning his battle to keep Gianni Rivera playing — and he's likely to be successful if Milan succeed in selling off erstwhile captain Romeo Benetti, who doesn't see eye-to-eye with his new boss.

Juventus are tempting Napoli with an exchange deal — Pietro Anastasi, Roberto Gori and Antonello Cuccureddu against Savoldi. But Napoli want money too, to be able to afford Fiorentina's international full back Moreno Roggi.

Meanwhile Juve have definitely parted company with Jose Altafini, who has turned down the chance of a scouting job for the time being to play in Switzerland with Chiasso. He went out in typically flamboyant style, scoring a hat-trick in his last game, a friendly with little Verbania.

Also on his way out is Gigi Riva, even more set on retirement now that Cagliari are down and he's on the board. Still, we won't forget him in a hurry. He hit a record 35 goals in his 42 internationals and 156 goals in 289 league matches. Altafini, incidentally, at 38, seven years older, hit 216 goals in his 459 league games for Milan, Napoli and Juventus.

To recap on the season: Champions, Torino: Cup winners, Napoli. Relegated: Cagliari, Como, Ascoli. Promoted: Catanzaro, Genoa, Foggia.

SEASON '75-76 AT A GLANCE

WEST GERMANY

	Hannover	Gladbach	Frankfurt	Karlsruhe	Hamburg	Schalke	Kaiserslautern	Offenbach	Bochum	Bremen	Duisberg	Dusseldorf	Hertha	Cologne	R.W. Essen	Bayer Werdingen	Bayern Munich	E. Brunswick
Hannover 96	X	3–3	3–2	2–0	1–0	1–1	2–0	4–0	4–1	0–0	0–2	1–2	2–6	3–3	0–0	3–1	2–2	2–0
Borussia Munchengladbach	2–0	X	4–2	4–2	1–1	0–2	3–0	2–0	1–1	3–0	3–0	1–0	1–1	2–1	1–2	6–1	4–1	0–0
Eintracht Frankfurt	5–1	1–1	X	0–2	1–0	2–1	1–1	1–0	6–0	2–0	1–1	5–2	1–1	2–2	1–3	3–1	6–0	6–1
Karlsruhe	3–2	0–4	1–0	X	3–2	2–2	3–5	2–1	2–2	2–0	2–2	1–0	3–0	3–1	1–2	1–0	1–2	0–2
S.V. Hamburg	3–0	0–0	4–2	3–0	X	4–1	2–0	2–0	5–3	1–2	3–0	3–1	2–1	2–1	4–1	0–0	0–1	0–4
Schalke 04	1–2	2–2	2–4	6–2	0–1	X	2–2	1–1	1–1	4–2	5–1	2–0	2–2	3–1	5–1	5–1	2–2	5–1
Kaiserslautern	2–2	0–3	3–1	3–1	2–0	1–3	X	2–2	2–1	4–0	3–0	2–1	5–0	1–1	5–0	1–2	2–1	3–1
Kickers Offenbach	1–0	1–1	2–1	0–0	3–2	1–1	1–4	X	1–0	2–0	2–1	1–1	2–1	1–5	0–4	2–3	2–2	4–2
V.F.L. Bochum	2–0	2–0	5–3	4–2	0–3	1–4	2–0	5–1	X	0–3	1–2	0–1	2–0	1–0	2–1	3–0	3–1	2–0
Werder Bremen	0–0	2–2	1–2	1–0	1–3	1–1	3–2	3–1	4–1	X	2–0	3–0	3–2	3–2	3–3	3–0	0–0	0–1
M.S.V. Duisberg	4–3	2–3	1–1	1–0	1–1	1–3	1–2	6–2	1–1	2–0	X	2–2	2–1	0–4	4–0	2–0	1–1	1–0
Fortuna Dusseldorf	3–0	1–1	1–1	0–2	1–0	1–2	5–1	0–0	3–1	3–0	1–3	X	2–1	0–0	5–2	2–0	1–1	1–3
Hertha Berlin	1–0	3–0	4–4	1–1	1–1	2–1	3–0	1–0	4–1	0–0	1–2	2–2	X	2–1	2–2	5–0	2–1	1–0
Cologne	2–1	0–4	3–3	1–3	1–1	2–1	1–1	4–0	1–0	1–1	3–2	4–0	2–0	X	3–0	4–0	1–0	1–1
Rot Weiss Essen	1–0	1–3	4–3	1–0	1–1	0–0	5–1	2–2	1–0	2–0	5–2	2–2	3–1	2–3	X	2–1	3–3	2–2
Bayer Werdingen	1–1	1–1	0–5	1–1	0–1	3–2	2–2	1–2	0–0	2–1	0–4	2–0	1–1	1–1	1–1	X	2–1	0–0
Bayern Munich	3–1	4–0	1–1	2–0	1–0	3–2	3–4	3–1	4–0	4–0	3–0	5–0	7–4	1–2	5–1	2–0	X	1–1
Eintracht Brunswick	3–2	0–0	2–0	2–0	1–0	4–1	2–0	5–1	1–1	3–2	3–1	3–1	5–2	0–0	1–1	1–0	1–1	X

HUNGARY

	Honved	Vasas	Csepel	Haladas	Kaposvar	Diosgyor	Zalaegerzeg	Raba Eto	Szeged	Tatabanya	Bekescsaba	M.T.K.-V.M.	Salgotarjan	Ujpest	Ferencvaros	Videoton
Honved	X	3–1	0–1	3–1	1–0	4–1	1–0	3–0	2–0	0–1	2–0	5–1	5–2	0–1	1–3	3–1
Vasas	3–0	X	3–3	3–0	2–0	3–0	2–0	5–0	3–0	5–1	3–1	4–1	1–1	0–1	3–2	3–2
Csepel	0–0	0–3	X	2–0	1–1	2–1	1–2	2–0	2–0	1–1	1–1	1–0	3–0	1–1	2–3	0–4
Haladas	0–0	0–3	0–0	X	2–2	3–0	1–1	1–0	5–1	1–0	0–0	3–1	2–1	2–2	1–3	1–0
Kaposvar	1–2	2–0	5–2	0–2	X	0–0	2–2	5–0	3–1	2–1	1–1	0–0	0–2	1–4	1–1	3–3
Diosgyor	4–0	1–0	1–1	1–1	2–2	X	2–2	0–0	1–0	1–1	1–0	1–0	0–0	2–2	0–0	0–2
Zalaegerzeg	1–1	1–1	1–2	3–1	5–2	1–2	X	3–0	4–0	3–0	3–0	0–4	2–1	2–1	1–3	2–2
Raba Eto	1–1	2–0	3–2	1–0	1–1	2–2	1–1	X	6–1	0–1	5–0	0–0	1–3	2–0	4–2	0–2
Szeged	0–2	2–2	1–0	2–3	2–2	2–1	3–1	1–1	X	2–1	1–2	1–0	1–1	1–2	0–1	2–4
Tatabanya	1–0	3–2	2–0	1–2	1–0	0–0	1–1	3–1	2–0	X	2–2	4–3	1–1	1–3	0–3	2–0
Bekescsaba	1–1	2–1	2–1	0–2	3–0	1–0	2–1	1–1	1–0	0–3	X	0–3	0–1	1–1	1–0	2–3
M.T.K.-V.M.	1–2	2–1	4–0	3–0	0–1	4–0	3–1	1–1	6–0	2–1	1–0	X	3–0	1–0	1–3	0–3
Salgotarjan	0–0	3–1	1–1	3–0	2–2	1–0	5–2	0–0	1–1	5–2	0–0	0–3	X	2–3	2–2	1–3
Ujpest Dosza	1–1	4–5	4–2	3–2	4–0	7–2	3–0	3–1	6–2	3–2	2–1	5–4	2–1	X	1–4	2–2
Ferencvaros	4–3	2–1	2–1	1–0	4–2	1–0	1–0	2–2	1–0	4–1	2–0	3–1	4–0	3–8	X	1–1
Videoton	1–1	2–1	2–0	3–0	1–0	2–0	1–1	3–0	4–0	3–1	3–0	1–0	0–0	3–0	0–0	X

SWITZERLAND

	Basle	Grasshoppers	Neuchatel	Chenois	Young Boys	Winterthur	Servette	Chaux de Fonds	Sion	Lausanne	St Gallen	Biel	Zurich	Lugano
Basle	X	5–1	0–0	3–0	5–1	5–1	2–0	5–2	1–1	1–2	2–2	3–1	1–1	3–0
Grasshoppers	4–1	X	0–0	2–0	2–1	3–0	3–2	4–1	2–3	1–1	1–1	1–0	1–2	2–0
Neuchatel Xamax	2–2	4–1	X	2–1	1–1	3–1	0–0	0–0	3–0	3–0	3–1	3–1	4–1	0–1
Chenois	1–3	2–1	0–0	X	0–0	5–1	0–1	2–1	2–0	3–3	1–1	3–0	3–5	0–0
Young Boys	3–1	2–1	1–0	1–1	X	1–0	2–1	3–0	3–0	3–0	4–0	0–0	0–2	4–0
Winterthur	2–3	1–3	3–2	1–1	2–4	X	1–5	3–1	0–3	2–1	2–0	3–2	0–3	0–0
Servette	3–0	2–0	5–0	3–1	0–0	3–1	X	4–0	3–0	2–1	3–0	1–0	0–0	1–0
La Chaux de Fonds	1–2	2–5	0–1	1–1	2–1	4–3	0–3	X	2–3	1–2	2–1	2–0	0–2	1–0
Sion	5–1	1–2	2–1	2–2	2–2	2–3	1–1	2–2	X	0–2	2–2	2–0	2–3	2–2
Lausanne	0–1	1–3	1–0	4–0	0–0	0–1	2–2	0–0	1–1	X	2–0	3–2	0–3	3–2
St Gallen	2–2	2–2	1–0	1–0	1–1	4–0	0–0	2–1	7–2	3–2	X	3–0	0–1	2–2
Biel (Bienne)	1–5	2–7	0–2	2–1	3–2	0–1	0–3	2–0	1–1	0–2	2–2	X	1–3	1–0
Zurich	1–1	1–0	2–2	2–0	3–1	5–1	0–0	8–0	5–2	5–1	1–1	5–3	X	4–1
Lugano	1–1	0–1	0–1	2–0	0–0	3–1	0–2	2–1	1–0	0–1	1–2	0–2	1–2	X

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